JOHN BULL, DECEMBER 8, 1923. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.* Postage in U.K. or Abroad 1d.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXXIV. No. 916 SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1923. TWOPENCE.

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

THE LARGEST NET PAID SALES OF ANY 2d. WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

LAST WEEK "BULLETS" HUGE CHRISTMAS PRIZES

THE *Humiliation of* LORD ROTHERMERE

Good Health

If it's Protection you want, you have it in

Beecham's Pills

GRAVES

GRAVES GRAMOPHONES

are better value than ever. Handsome powerful instruments of exquisite tone and dependable quality constructed by our own manufacturers, offered at the lowest conceivable price and on the easiest Terms of Payment ever made

WE DELIVER Graves Gramophone, (either Hornless or Horn Model, as desired) securely packed and carriage paid to approved orders for 5/- with order. If you are satisfied with the machine after trial in your home, the balance is payable in monthly payments of 5/- Money refunded in full if you are dissatisfied.

GRAVES HORNLESS GRAMOPHONE has beautifully polished Cabinet of substantial size (12½ x 19½ x 42in.) Powerful Motor with worm drive, silent & even running. Speed Regulator. Tapet Tone Arm & finest quality Sound Box. All bright parts beautifully nickel plated. £25 : 10 : 0

GRAVES GRAMOPHONE Horn Model has Cabinet, size 12½ x 12½ x 40in. beautifully polished and tastefully decorated. Powerful, skilfully built silent motor, Tapet Tone Arm, Speed Controller, decorated Sound Horn, and finest quality Sound Box. Price £20 : 5 : 0

WRITE FOR [illegible] of our newest models of Horn and Hornless Gramophones, offered on the most liberal terms on Easy Terms. Post Free

J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

Motor Information Coupon.

Please send me information regarding the following cars:

.....

.....

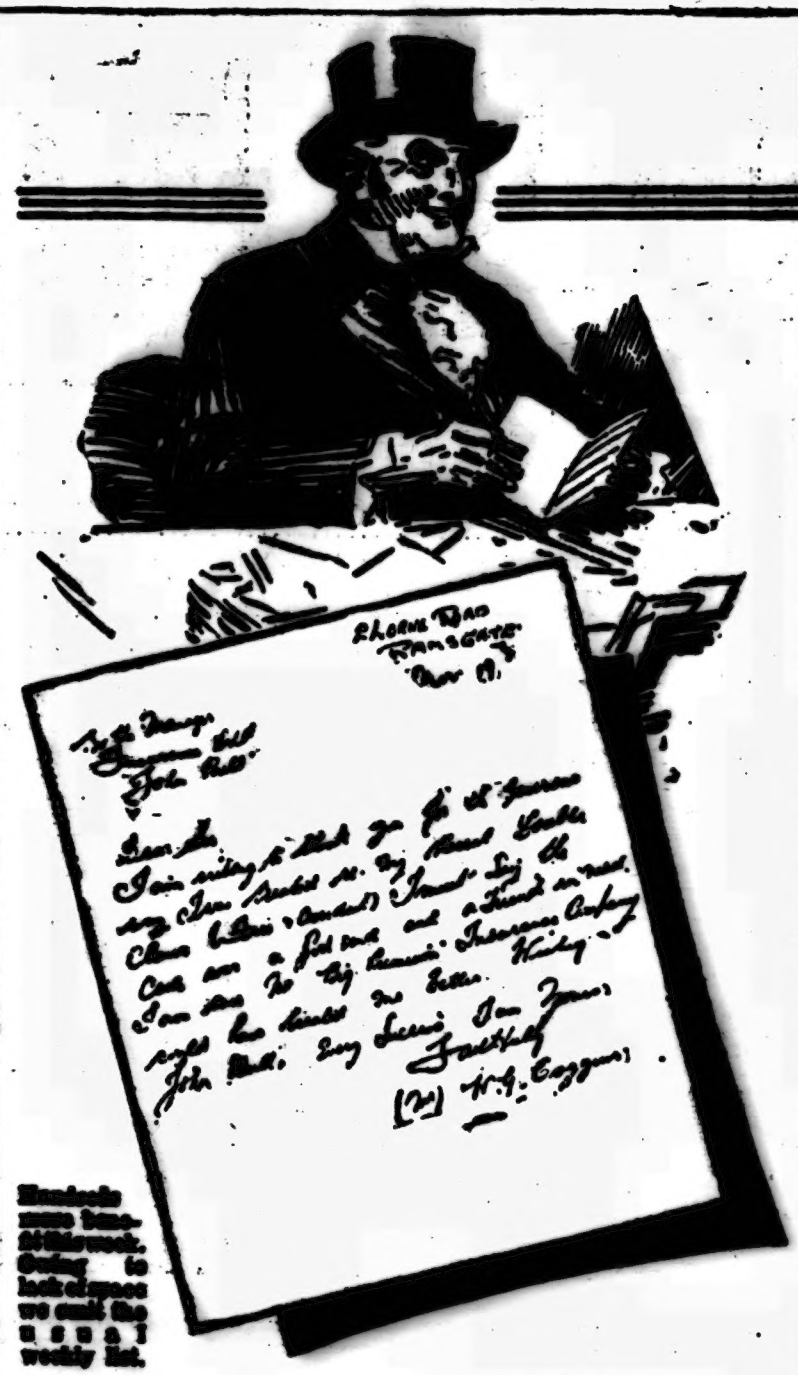
.....

Fill in the details and these particulars will be sent you. Address Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....



Hundreds more like this arriving every week. Going to look elsewhere we omit the 1,999 weekly list.

Why Pay Insurance Premiums?

Every day letters come pouring in expressing appreciation of "JOHN BULL'S" Great New Insurance Gift and commending the prompt and generous way in which all benefits are settled. Read the letter reproduced above—taken at random from hundreds of others—and then ask yourself the question: "Why should I pay big Insurance Premiums when 'JOHN BULL' protects me FREE?"

"JOHN BULL'S" Gift now offers greater protection than ever before. Sign the forms now.

257 Benefits Paid this Week

TOTAL NOW 10,626.

The New Benefits

If you have not already done so, cut out and pin the list of new and increased Benefits to your Registration Certificate.

DEATH.

£1000—posted here by you to the reader's nominated relatives or personal effects, in case of death of husband and wife simultaneously in or as a result of reader's home.

£1000—in case of death of one under similar circumstances.

£500 or £125 in respect of each for loss of both hands or eyes under similar circumstances.

£2 PER WEEK maximum, post during re-instatement limit extending 26 weeks.

ACCIDENTS IN HOME AND GARDEN.

The undermentioned benefits will apply to the husband or wife of the registered reader:—

£250—loss of life.

£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one limb and one eye.

£125—loss of one limb or one eye.

£3 PER WEEK up to 6 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of limb or skull.

HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS

£500—loss caused by storm, tempest or flood to the registered reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£200—loss caused by lightning, thunderbolt, or earthquake.

£100—loss by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.

£100—loss by bursting of hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.

£200—loss caused by aeroplanes, airships, or other aerial craft.

£200—loss by damage by riots or civil commotion.

£1000—in case of death of husband and wife (permanently residing together) by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers entering for the purpose of robbery.

£500—if one is killed under similar circumstances.

£250 or £100 in respect of each for loss of both hands or eyes under similar circumstances.

£10—Medical Fees for injuries by violence caused by burglars, housebreakers or fire.

£6 PER WEEK for both or £3 per week for either up to 4 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers or fire.

SECURITIES BENEFITS

The undermentioned benefits apply to the husband or wife of the registered reader:—

£5 5s.—for total disablement by illness contracted while Hyperemia, Measles, Chickenpox, Typhoid Fever, Typhus Fever, Cerebro-spinal Fever (or Spotted Fever), Anthrax, and Tetanus (or Lockjaw). These benefits are only applicable to persons between the ages of 16 and 65, who have been registered for twenty-one days prior to the illness manifesting itself.

SPORTS

£250—in case of death if the registered reader be killed accidentally while playing—

Football, Tennis,
Cricket, Hockey,
Golf, Lacrosse,

as an amateur on a recognised playing ground.

£3 PER WEEK up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of a limb or skull.

BOATING AND BATHING

£250—if the reader be accidentally drowned while at a pasture bathing on, or holiday in the sea at any seaside resort, or in any river or public swimming bath, providing that the reader be not a professional swimmer or boatman, and that in case of boating, the boat be not a passenger steamer.

257 Benefits Paid this Week

TOTAL NOW 10,626.

The simple act of filling up these forms ONCE fully qualifies the reader for the benefits offered and continues to do so as long as this Insurance Gift and the order to the Newsagent remain in force. There is no need to fill in the forms again except in case of change of address or change of newsagent.

CUT HERE

J.B. 8.12.23

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....

Address.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date .....

Use 1d. Stamp. Don't send coupon. A certificate certifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing 1d. stamp.

CUT HERE

J.B. 8.12.23

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

Please deliver or reserve John Bull for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address.....

Date .....

'Yadil' News

I have had this space placed at my disposal to give to the public from time to time items of information concerning 'Yadil,' which could not well be included in ordinary advertisements. I trust that this 'Yadil' News will prove both interesting and helpful.

IN my advertising I state that 'Yadil' could, in three years, stamp out consumption from the British Isles. Really, it could be done in one year, if 'Yadil' was prescribed in every ailment. It is impossible to diagnose consumption when it is just beginning. A person may go for months with some slight bodily discomfort without suspecting that the tubercle bacillus is at work, quietly installing itself in the top of the lungs. The only symptom may be a persistent cough, a slight headache, a not very troublesome pain in the chest. At this stage a few doses of 'Yadil' would soon destroy the tubercle bacilli that are at work, the symptoms would disappear, and a new case of consumption would fail to develop.

* * *

It follows that if every one in the British Isles were to take 'Yadil' for all their minor ailments, new cases of consumption would seldom occur. And, after all, it is by preventing fresh cases that consumption will be stamped out.

* * *

The majority of cases of consumption can be restored to health by 'Yadil,' sound natural food and fresh air. The right food is nearly as essential as 'Yadil' itself. The treatment should begin at the first symptom, not when cavities have developed and rendered the case almost hopeless.

* * *

My Press campaign is reaching far-away countries. Recently I received cable orders for 'Yadil' to be sent by air post to the General Headquarters of our Army of Occupation, Cologne, and from Kirkuk, Mesopotamia. The one order called for a pint of 'Yadil,' a jar of 'Yadil' Jelly, and a 'Yadil' Book, the other for two pints of 'Yadil' and one book. I sent the goods to Mespot by air and motor, which means only ten days.

* * *

Urgent requests for agencies have come from Spain, Argentine, Belgium, Burma, Egypt, Norway, Holland and Finland during the last few weeks. I have declined them (with the exception of Burma and Egypt) owing to the pressing demands of our people at home. I cannot, as yet, produce very much 'Yadil,' and I want to keep it all, or nearly all, for sufferers in the British Isles.

* * *

Few people realise the difficulties in the way of making my Antiseptic. The process requires high technical skill, and is not free from a certain amount of risk. The necessary distilling plant cannot be found in these Islands. It is not made here and must be made specially abroad. That apparatus is costly, and my financial resources are limited. The other great difficulty is the production of natural essential oil of garlic. The quantity that can be distilled in my laboratories is, at present, limited, and unfortunately it cannot easily be increased. We have designed new plant, which we hope will eventually make possible a greatly augmented production of this precious oil. But this new plant has yet to be made and tested, and that means time.

* * *

Do you know what one ounce of natural essential oil of garlic costs? Ask your chemist to quote. He will want anything from £3 10s. to £4 for one ounce. So far as I have been able to discover, there is only one firm in the whole world capable of producing this oil on a commercial scale, and that is their price. Had we not discovered a process of our own for producing the oil, there would be no 'Yadil' on the market to-day, or it would be within the reach only of the well-to-do. As it is, present retail prices bear no true relation to the high cost of production and the limited quantity that can be turned out.

* * *

My Antiseptic is the least expensive form of treatment ever offered to sufferers. It is cheaper than the cheapest bottle of medicine prescribed by the average doctor. The cost per dose of the latter is something like twopence. Five doses of 'Yadil' cost sixpence, when you buy the 6-oz. bottle at 4s. 9d. To the medicine prescribed by the doctor you must add the doctor's fees, and the cost, perhaps, of remaining ill for a long time. 'Yadil' produces prompt results, and there are no additional expenses.

* * *

'Yadil' makes possible such results as these: Mixed with honey, it will stop whooping-cough in two days. The cost of the 'Yadil' used may be 1s. 6d. Is that dear? Under ordinary treatment whooping cough lasts six weeks or longer. Figure out what that costs in the usual useless medicines, in anxiety and fatigue of the parents, in after-effects on the health of the child. Is 'Yadil' dear? The same mixture will stop diphtheria in from six to ten hours, if given at the very first complaint of soreness in the throat. Is 'Yadil' dear? The present system is to call in the doctor; the latter generally makes another visit to confirm his belief that the trouble is diphtheria. Then the child is sent to the hospital, where anti-toxin is used—with risks such as death, epilepsy, paralysis, etc. 'Yadil' has never caused the slightest harm to anyone in over seven years. Can anyone say that my Antiseptic is dear?

* * *

In the last epidemic of influenza, hundreds of doctors have used 'Yadil' with splendid results. It can be said definitely that it is specific in that fever. You should use it at the very first symptoms, which would soon disappear.

Alex Clement

'Yadil' Antiseptic is prepared by:

Clement & Johnson Limited, Research Medical Chemists, 19, Sicilian Avenue, London, W.C.1.

Liquid ...	...	...	...	2 oz. 2/9		6 oz. 4/9		Pint 12/-		Quart 22/6	
Pills ...	...	...	...	50 2/9		150 4/9		500 12/-		1,000 22/6	
Ointment			...	...	...	1 oz. 1/9		4 oz. 5/-			

'Yadil' Pastilles strengthen the voice, 1/- per tin.

Of all Chemists, including all branches of Boots, Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd., Timothy White Co., Ltd., Hodder & Co., and other stores, or sent direct, post free, on receipt of remittance. For abroad, add 3/- for extra postage and packing.

The word 'YADIL' is registered. **Pronounce it YAH-DIL.** W.B.P.

The Mail Order Market

A PERFECT POSTAL SERVICE for BARGAIN-HUNTERS

WHEN SENDING
Write your name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send Money and Treasury Notes by registered post.
Always mention JOHN BULL.

YOUR PROTECTION
The JOHN BULL guarantee covers all offers in this section. You can part with your money as safely as buying across a store counter, so post your order to-day.

Send for this

TONIC WINE NOW! Don't carry health! Send to-day for your bottle of "Dansovin," the nerve-strengthening, tonic-forming, blood-making Tonic Wine, Makers established over 100 years.

DANZOVIN TONIC WINE

is indispensable to the weak and ailing. For building up after illness and wherever perfect health is sought. Send 4/6 (under terms of money back guarantee) for large bottle to-day from

4/6 POST FREE

JOSEPH HIGSON & SON
IMPERIAL STREET, LEEDS

EARN £3 A WEEK AT HOME

THIS is what Mrs. Rusty, of Redding, does. She says:—"I am making my spare time into money. I took Motor Stocking, Vests, Jumpers, and Woollies—work easily done with private orders—which bring me in from £3 to £5 weekly."

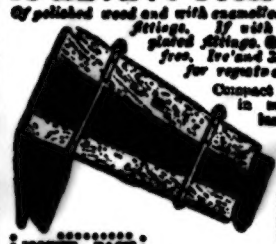
Her experience and many others are detailed in our book, which explains our plan whereby WE PURCHASE YOUR ENTIRE OUTPUT OF SOCKS at an agreed price for a period of Three Years. Send to-day for this

FREE BOOK

SEND AT REQUEST to all forwarding 1d. stamp to cover postage. Send for it TO-DAY. Be making money next week.

SOUTH BRITISH Mfg. Co., Dept. 69 L., 91, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

A £2:2:0 Press for 6/6



of polished wood and with enamelled metal fittings. If with nickel-plated fittings, 6/6 post free. Invoice and 2d. extra for registration.

Compact; light weight; packs in neat case. Built to last years.

SAVE MONEY DRESS WELL

Keep your trousers creased and pressed to make them last longer and to give them that "just-from-the-tailor" look.

The COOPER Vel

Unlike any other press. Two thumb screws and patent grip give even pressure and full-length crease. Send by this extraordinary bargain. The Cooper Collapsible Iron Co., Ltd. (Dept. 23), Clarendon Works, Leeds.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. If not delighted full postage and cost refunded when returned in good condition, tried for list of other lines.

'THE BOLTON"

DIRECT FROM FACTORY.

Carriage Paid on approval
Ball-Bearing Tangent Cycle Wheels

£6:17:6

Beautifully Upholstered. Large and Roomy. Loose Cushions. Finest Materials and Finish throughout. The Lightest and Easiest Running Carriage made.

Cheaper Models from £3:12:6

Write for Free Catalogue No. 10.

S. BOLTON, 250 & 252, Kingsland Road, London, N. 1

PERFECT LIGHTING WITH GLORILITE

POWERFUL 600 CANDLE POWER INCANDESCENT MANTLE LAMPS.

The Cheapest form of Lighting, perfectly safe and absolutely reliable.

20 TIMES THE LIGHT OF WICK OIL LAMPS.

With plain shade 42s. with deco rated shade as shown 52s. 6d.

Sent on seven days' approval and money refunded if not satisfied.

Send for free list from the makers

TOWNSENDS Ltd., EXPERT BIRMINGHAM.

Trade enquiries invited. Agents wanted.

Triple-proofed Gabardine

TRENCH COAT

(*The Famous Officer's Coat*)
A Combined Winter Overcoat and Raincoat. Includes for cold weather use a Detachable Wool lining, which can be removed in a minute for mild, rainy weather.

Price complete, 55/, carriage paid.
Also in fawny fibre, 45/- carriage paid.

When ordering give height and chest measurement taken over waistcoat.

CURZON BROS., LTD.
The World's Measure Tailors.
Dept. J.B.), 38 & 37, New Bridge St., London, E.C.4.

RUBBER LINED WATERPROOFS

(Ladies' or Gent's)

Fawn or Navy Waterproofs of exceptional value, smart and beautifully made with Storm Collar, Sleeve Tabs, and Arm Ventilators (without belt). Ladies' sizes, 32ins. to 46ins. length. Gent's sizes, 36ins. to 52ins. chest. State Post 9d. extra for one or two Coats. Double Breasted, With Belt all round 2/6 extra.

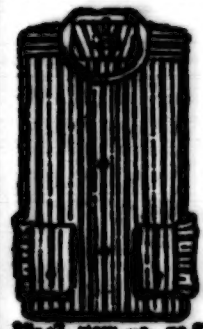
13/6

SPECIAL: Extra SUPER quality in Ladies' Double Breasted in Navy Blue only: 15/9 each. Postage 9d. extra.

Money orders and cheques payable to

H. BAMFORD
The Rubber Warehouse (Dept. JB), 38, Stockport Road, Manchester.

A Warm Winter Shirt at 4/11



The Famous Velvela Soft Flannel Finish **SHIRT**

This is a Gentleman's Shirt, made of the well-known Velvela shirting; comfortable, soft, warm and will wash and wear well. White spotted with neat Blue, Mottle, Black, etc., designs. All Guaranteed Fast Colours. Postage: 1 shirt, 6d.; 2 for 9d.; 6 for 1s. *State size.*

CURZON BROS., LTD.
(Dept. J.B.),
38-37, New Bridge Street, LONDON, E.C.4.

THE COMBINATION CLEANER.

A GREAT LABOUR SAVER.

Cleans Spoons, Forks and Knives.

PRICE **25/-**

An Ideal Xmas Present.

By fitting an Emery Wheel you can grind Scissors, Shears and Small Tools.

Universal Household Machine.

Sent direct from Works, Carriage paid, on "John Bull" terms of guarantee.

SMALL ENGINES LIMITED,
131, Coventry Rd., Birmingham,

Also obtainable through Ironmongers & Stores.

A WINTER MODEL for 7/6

Balance by easy monthly payments.

Elegant model in all wool velour with long roll collar of Beaver or Mole Coney. Fur trims trim the cuffs and attached belt. Large ornamental button. Cosy and distinctive, obtainable in a variety of shades, only priced at 59/11.

Write for patterns and booklet, "Chic and Serviceable Modes."

ALL GOODS SENT ON RECEIPT OF FIRST PAYMENT

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. All garments made to measure.

LEACH & HARDY,
Dept. J.B., Byrom street, Manchester.

GOOD LUCK

COMES TO YOU

from the moment you possess the Ju-Ju Mystic Mascot—the wonderful luck-bringer. Luck is something real which can't be explained. Thousands have turned Fortune's frown to a winning smile with Ju-Ju's magic, and delightedly write like this:

I have tried for ten years for prizes and I won a substantial prize last week. R. Everything I have touched prospered. G.C. (Glasgow).

Don't scoff! Have faith in the Ju-Ju and everything you touch will prosper. Mascot-Ju your interest and misfortune will pass you by—good luck will attend you all the time.

Sterling Silver, 5s. } post
Sent Out. Gold ... £1 } free

"I wish Ju-Ju were to-day! your luck's in straight away!"

JU-JU SOCIETY,
3, Imperial Bldgs., Westgate Rd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

SPECIAL XMAS OFFER!

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Ye Olde WILLOW Ware

Printed in Dark Blue on the finest Semi-Porcelain

TEA SET 11/9

21 pieces 6 persons
P. of Free.

COMBINATION TEA & DINNER 48/-

BUY CHINA DIRECT from the POTTERIES

Money refunded if not satisfied.

Send for Art Catalogue in Colours POST FREE

The ROCK POTTERY Co. Glen Works, Hills St. BURSLEM. Staffs.

8D. stops Grey Hair!

Send 8d. for a bottle of Royal Court Tintona, stating colour of hair. This unique preparation restores hair to its full tonic and natural colour and does not wash out. Perfectly natural in appearance. Guaranteed harmless. Send for the large trial bottle to-day.

ROYAL COURT TINTONA

Is sold by Chemists and Stores, 1/6, 2/6 & 4/-, or supplied direct in plain wrapper.

Royal Court Perfumery Co., 133, Chapel Court, London, E.C.1.

A Merry Xmas

is assured to you if you will devote a few hours between now and then upon a

"STROH" JAP FIDDLE

which is the easiest instrument in the world to play. Mastered in a few hours with the aid of our FREE Self-Tutor. Free personal issues given if desired. Money returned if not satisfied. Post paid anywhere in United Kingdom.

Home Model 35/- Concert Model 60/-
Bows from 4/- each.

Write for Hints and descriptive booklet No. J.B.4 to

GEO. EVANS & CO.
94, ALBANY ST., LONDON, N.W.1.

WATSON'S FURTHER REBUILDING SACRIFICE.

CHAUFFEUR'S BLUE MELTON OVERCOATS.

Made of good hard wearing Melton. Tweed lined. Half belt. Deep storm collar to button up to the neck. Well made and finished. **38/6**

Postage 1/6 extra.
With Wind Cuffs 2/6 extra.

Also made in Fashionable Overcoat with Half Belt and Velvet Collar ... **38/6**

Please state height and chest (over waistcoat) measurements.

Money returned in full if not satisfied

WATSON'S 193, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

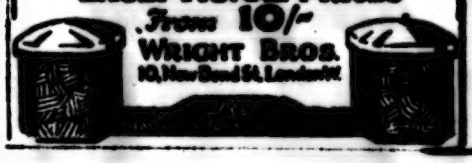
Open on Saturdays until 9 o'clock.

WRITE FOR FREE *Bargain Book* OF THIS CHARMING NEW METAL

FIRESIDE FURNITURE

CONTAINING 50 BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE REAL GOODS SENT ON APPROVAL (CARRIAGE PAID) DIRECT FROM THE MAKERS

EXCEPTIONAL PRICES From 10/-



WRIGHT BROS.
10, New Bond St., London W.

WATSON'S REBUILDING SACRIFICE.

OUR WONDERFUL BARGAIN OFFER

BLUE MELTON & Blue NAP OVERCOATS

Made in the latest and smartest style from fine quality hard-wearing Naps or Meltons. Perfectly tailored. These Overcoats are worth 35/- With or without Velvet Collar. Carriage 1/- extra. You effect at .. **25/-**

Please state Height and Chest Measurements (over waistcoat).

Money returned in full if not absolutely satisfied.

WATSON'S (Dept. J.B.), 193, STRAND, London, W.C.2

Open on Saturdays until 9 o'clock

THE NEW **HOMOCHORD RECORDS**

THE HIGH QUALITY RECORD AT A POPULAR PRICE.

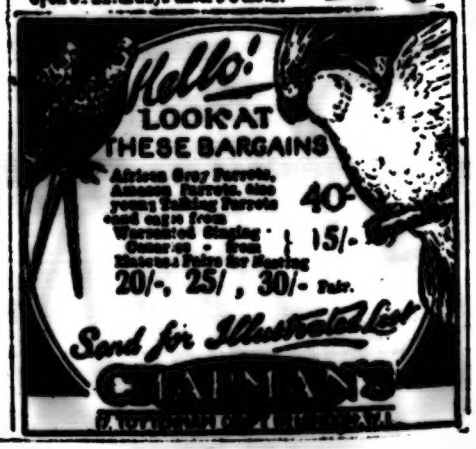
2/6

Always First with the Big Hits, Songs, Fox Trots, &c.

THE RECORD YOU WILL EVENTUALLY BUY AND RECOMMEND!

Ask your dealer for them or write to

(Dept J.B.) THE BRITISH HOMOCHORD CO., LTD., 19, City Road, London, E.C.



Have It In Notes?

THIS week the first prize of £5 goes to A. M. Williams, 137, Queen's Road, Peckham for:

"The 'Black Cat' Advertisement, because it makes its appeal to a universal weakness of human nature—'I get them free'—and we all fall!"

The second prize of £1 is awarded to T. Martin, 9, Pear Tree Square, Itchen, for: "(Curzon) Subtle, suggestive headline, suitable illustration conveying appeal to smart men; well expressed and spaced matter culminating in strong sub-headline, guarantee and popular price."

Fifty other competitors have received attractive consolation prizes.

A close study of the winning efforts each week in comparison with the advertisements chosen will help competitors to success.

Bear in mind that what is wanted is proof that you know value for money when you see it, and proof that the advertiser has been successful in arousing your interest.

Don't be misled into thinking that it is mere child's play. The winning postcards reveal much time spent on analysing the merit and appeal of the advertisements, and in evolving a neat phrase to express the idea.

This week the £5 may be yours. Why not try?

We are again offering £5, £1, and 50 consolation prizes for the best postcards received not later than Wednesday, December 12, stating in not more than 24 words your idea of the best advertisement in JOHN BULL.

Address to "Advertisement," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

"Synthetic Gold"

THERE seems to be no limit to the lengths to which cheap-jack traders will go in their attempts to impose upon the ignorant and credulous.

One of the latest exponents of the art of deception is an individual named Jas. M. Maxwell, who calls himself manager of a syndicate with offices at 89, Cleveland Street, Fitzroy Square, London, W., which deals in trashy jewellery called "synthetic gold."

The discoverer of synthetic gold, if there were such a substance, could quickly amass wealth beyond the wildest dreams and secure himself fame for ever into the bargain, for he would have found the fabled philosopher's stone which would transmute baser metals into fine gold, and laid bare the secret for which alchemists have searched in vain throughout the ages.

Jas. M. Maxwell, however, is no alchemist. He is merely a cheap-jack who sends agents into all parts of the country peddling caskets of "synthetic gold" jewellery for a shilling.

When the casket is opened, it is found to contain not gold, either of a synthetic or any other variety, but trumpery rubbish which appears to be merely stampings of poor quality brass plate about one-sixty-fourth of an inch thick. If we say it is worth twopence we are probably over-estimating its value.

Deal only with firms whose announcements carry the JOHN BULL guarantee.

THE "JOHN BULL" ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL. *If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue.*

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s per line, averaging six words. Minimum charge, 24s.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 49, Thomas Street, Manchester.

£5/- Capital and your living guaranteed. —Write now for free Guide of Drapery, Boots, etc.—W. Marks, 83, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

A.B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery trade. How to start. Useful hints. Worth pounds. Post free. Write to-day.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERS, Market-Men and Beginners. A postcard will bring you our free list of Remnants and Drapery.—Levy's, Ltd., 30a, Commercial Road, London, E.

DRAPERY Remnants Cut Lengths (wholesale only); list free.—W. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 89, High Street, Manchester.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. —Write, Noble Bros., Pelham St., Nottingham.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in 80 London and Provincial Newspapers for 2/6 (14 words); 40 papers 5/-. Write for free list.—Campbell Advertising Agency (Dept. F.), 63, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

COMMENCE a Mail Order business in spare time; no risk. Stp. addressed env.—Dunlleyn (S.I.), 26, Dorset Road, Tuebrook, Liverpool.

500 EVERYDAY Money-making Opportunities.—Contains 120 Spare-time Employments, 41 money-making Schemes (small capitalists), 200 Trade Secrets, 120 Patent Medicine Formulas, 1/6, post paid. — J. & B. Willet, Stockton, Rugby.

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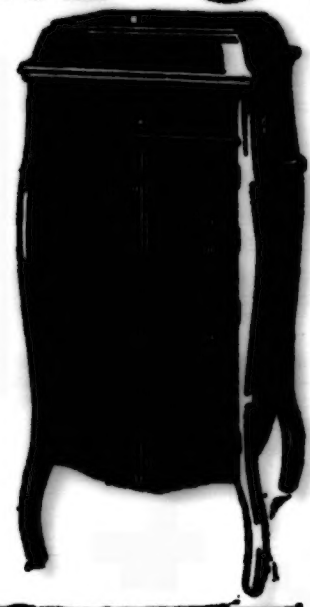

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Small Ads. Worth Watching
Continued on Page 24.
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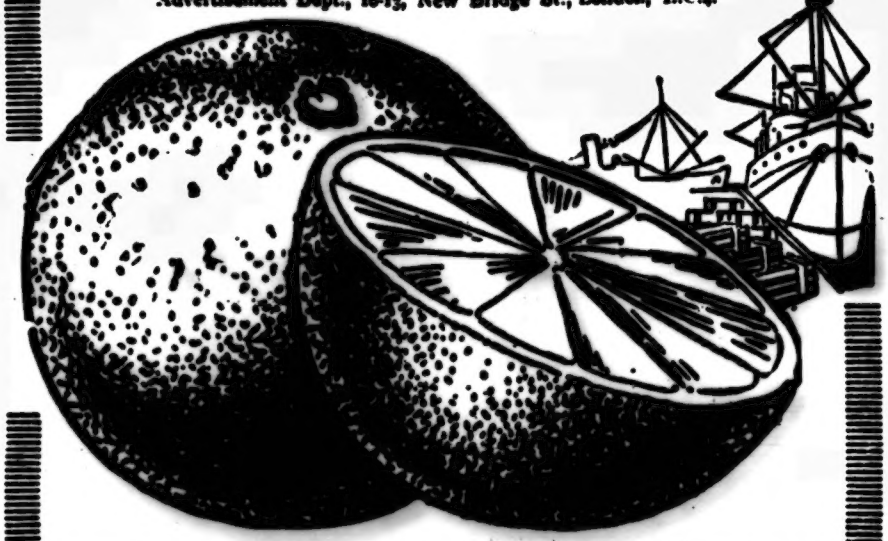

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Vol. XXXIV. No. 914.
Week ending Saturday, Dec. 8, 1923. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets

The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

For the People—the Right to Justice & Truth

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9866
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

Work for All?

On the eve of the poll this question should be the deciding one. Only the men who have put forward practical plans for unemployment deserve to go to Westminster.

Their First Job.

Whatever Party is returned to power, its first business must be the supplementing and enlarging of the miserably inadequate plans for providing work this winter. The matter brooks no delay.

A Strange Omission.

The one thing no Party has whole-heartedly advocated is National Economy; on the contrary they all advocate increased expenditure. Once more the politician shows himself out of touch with the mind of the people.

Unpractical Politics.

With every Party crying unemployment the least they could have done would have been to employ the workless and rely less on volunteers during the Election. That they have failed to do so is a tale that carries its own moral.

Bad Business.

Besides being an obvious bribe, the £1 per acre subsidy is simply putting a premium on bad farming. The practice of subsidising one section of the community at the expense of another is not business. It's just—politics.

Fouling the Nest.

Once more Labour has damaged its cause by refusing fair hearings to its opponents. Heckling is legitimate, but we should have thought that Free Speech was a sacred cause to the champions of Democracy!

The Wrecker.

Tired of taking off his hat to France, Lord Rothermere is now busy preparing a campaign against Russia. It is a futile attempt to prevent the common-sense step of opening up full trade relations.

An Interesting Disclosure.

It transpires that while in office Mr. Lloyd George absolutely refused to sign a military convention with France. That, at any rate, is one thing we can applaud him for.

The Restoration of Militarism.

The fall of the German Cabinet indicates that Parliamentary resources in Germany are well-nigh exhausted. The only alternative is a military Government, and if that comes about France will bear the responsibility of having plunged Europe straight back to 1914.

The Week's Best Joke.

M. Poincaré says he is only awaiting the execution of the Treaty to resume friendly relations with Germany. Any comment on such palpable hypocrisy would be superfluous.

The Wrong Victims.

Hunger riots are taking place in the Ruhr and a general rising is imminent. M. Poincaré's policy is certainly producing "results." The trouble is they're not the right results, and the real offenders continue to escape.

We Take Off Our Hat!

Mr. Samuel Samuel says we never lent any money to France and Italy. We suppose the fact that Italy owes us £476,850,000, and France £557,039,507, has escaped his notice!

An Expensive Apathy.

Britain owes America £856,033,000. Other countries owe Britain £1,984,000,000. If our debtors paid up we could pay off America out of hand. Why isn't this insisted on?

A True Word—

Credit where credit is due. The *Daily Mail* characterises as "senseless expenditure" the fact that we now spend £17 10*s.* on armaments for every £10 spent before the war. So do we.

—And a False.

But when it says that within another four years conscription will be reimposed, we beg to tell Lord Rothermere that once again he has badly interpreted the mind of the people.

Preparing the New War.

At the present moment Europe has 3,000,000 men under arms and 7,000,000 reserves. What a commentary on the disarmament notions of the League of—Notions!

A Forgotten Problem.

It is ironical in these days that "shortage of labour" should be an excuse for shortage of houses. Nothing but trade union red tape prevents thousands of partially trained men being made bricklayers in a week.

Potential Barbarism.

Up to October 1, out of 16,139 houses embarked on, only 969 have been completed. No wonder expert opinion is that an actual house famine is in sight.

Common-sense.

Professor Pembrey says it would pay the State to put the unemployed on work that gave no direct return if only to prevent the spread of sickness. Right, of course, but it would be better and just as easy to give them remunerative work.

Queer "Justice."

The House of Lords' decision that a workman is not entitled to compensation if injured while travelling to work in a special train defeats both the intention and the terms of the Workmen's Compensation Act. It must be reversed by Parliament.

Oiling the Wheels.

The simplification and cheapening of divorce proceedings is a step in the right direction. The dispensing of justice should be accessible to all and not, as too often happens, a privilege of those with money.

Comic.

The reason why there are so many undesirable aliens in Great Britain is that the Government of the country to which they belong will not have them back. That's all!

A National Danger.

Is nobody doing anything about the serious country-wide outbreaks of cattle disease? The election is no excuse for the Ministry of Agriculture to go to sleep.

These Coal Prices.

Six men receive £507,914 each year in coal royalties—for doing nothing. No wonder the ill-paid miner thinks there's a case for inquiry and readjustment.

The Sugar Squeeze.

Sugar has risen £6 a ton in four weeks "owing to shortage of supplies." Queer how these "shortages" always manage to occur in the few weeks preceding Christmas!

At It Again.

Although the boilermakers have only just returned to work, a new dispute has already arisen on the question of apprentices. Have the last twenty-eight weeks taught them nothing?

An Agricultural Contrast.

In Denmark the peasant gets £3 a week. In free Britain the agricultural labourer is lucky if he gets 25*s.* It is a disgraceful commentary on our vaunted civilisation.

Perpetuating Injustice.

The refusal by the L.C.C. to remove its Pussy-foot restrictions from many London music-halls is a disgrace to the City that, next year, must entertain thousands of Empire visitors. Such unfair crankiness makes us tired.

A Dangerous Remedy.

We shall keep a sharp eye on the proposals to change the law with regard to insanity as a criminal defence. We want no more cases like Ronald True.

The Death Drink.

Lord Dawson says an increase in milk consumption will bring more health to the people. Perhaps—but not until our White Elephant insists on *all* milk being pure and free from filth.

A Dangerous Innovation.

To check pilfering the railway companies will ask the next Parliament to give railway police the power to arrest. We don't approve of such powers being under the control of private companies.

The New "Criminals."

No fewer than 12,995 people were in prison for debt last year. It is an illuminating sidelight on the way abnormally high taxation is pressing on the people.

A New One!

The Bishop of Brentford says all our troubles will disappear if only the Pope can be reinstated in England. It is astonishing what empty balderdash responsible people can talk while the world crashes to ruin for lack of guiding wisdom.

A Crying Scandal.

The arrest of "rum runners" on a British vessel throws into relief a matter that is bringing shame on the whole nation. Surely it is someone's business to see that British possessions and ships are not knowingly used for this questionable practice.

Straight as a Die.

"The Straight 'Un," was the nickname given to Mr. Fred Stoodley of Lyme Road, Crowkerne, Somerset, a solicitor's clerk, who has died at the age of seventy-three. In his will he has expressed the wish that this nickname be recorded on his tombstone. We can hardly think of one we would more desire ourselves. If only every man aimed to be "a straight 'un"!

City Life Silence.

Although the Winding-up Order in connection with the City Life Assurance Company, Ltd., was made as long ago as last July, the unfortunate sufferers from the collapse have not yet heard anything further of the matter. We should like to know what reason there is for such a long silence regarding the possibility of recovering something from the wreck.

Say It With Flowers.

At Greenwich Police Court, a flower-seller was fined 2s. 6d. for causing an obstruction with her large basket in High Street, Deptford. When the woman stated that she had no money, the magistrate, Mr. Ratcliffe Cousins, said he would buy half-a-crown's worth of her flowers so that she could pay. Cousins proved a real brother!

Cruel "Fun."

Frederick Charles Thompson, a Grimsby grocer, is a fellow with a twisted notion of what constitutes fun. He tied a jumping cracker to a dog's tail in order to enjoy the poor creature's agony of fright and pain. Grimsby magistrates have a way of checking this sort of sport. They fined him 25s., though if we had imposed the fine it would have been more.

The Eternal Triangle.

Because he discovered that the woman who was the object of his affections had previously had a child by another man, and was willing to wed the father of her child, William Henry Bassill, a baker of Watford, took up a safety razor and furiously cut and slashed the poor creature on the face. In sending the brute to nine months' hard labour, Judge Rowlatt remarked that he was letting him off lightly. We think so, too.

Gems from Borstal.

The Borstalian is the newest addition to the periodical Press, and is a quarterly written partly by the boys under the eagle eye of a housemaster, so that we are not likely to find very glaring revelations in its pages. What we should like to read is something under the heading "Why I left," by some of the lads who have been in a hurry to get away. Then we should learn something!

Not Too Old at Forty.

Just a year under forty, William Smeetam, of Cyprus Street, Bethnal Green, is like a frisky lamb when he sees girls. He chased one down a passage, and placed his arms around her, but her piercing screams sent him scuttling, and away he ran into a month's hard labour. Love is not the motive of Willie's escapades, for the amorous one was after the girl's handbag. Well, he has a mouthful now!

Real Grit.

While a travelling theatrical company were performing in the Congregational School Hall, Felstead, a fire broke out on the stage and quickly spread over the building. Though her piano actually became alight while she was doing so, Miss Ella Field, the pianist, continued playing until the last member of the audience, inspired and reassured by her steadiness, safely left the building. Your hand, Ella!

Talk About St. Bernards!

Mr. and Mrs. Wragg, of Sunnybrow, near Wellington, will not part with their whippet dog in a hurry. Just before a blinding blizzard of snow began to sweep the countryside, their two-year-old infant boy toddled away from home accompanied by his canine friend. Then the storm came on, and after five hours of anxiety the faithful dog returned home alone and almost dragged the distracted parents to the place where the youngster lay prostrated with cold and held fast by whin bushes. A fortune will not buy this dog now!

The Grand Old Man.

What a man John Burden of Sedgley, Staffordshire, must be! When he discovered his aged friend, John Wilkes, drowning in a pool of water in the middle of a wood, this old hero, in spite of his seventy-four years, waded into the water and made a heroic but unsuccessful attempt to effect a rescue. Old age has evidently not daunted the courage of this veteran.

A Dowdy Individual.

Five little Stockton kiddies have for their father Thomas Dowd, and a sorry specimen he has been. Drawing the dole was his job; spending the money on drink his hobby. His family he left to starve; the seven slept at night on one bed in a wretched room. And Thomas has gone where he will have a bed to himself for six months. His family are to be cared for while he is away.

Patients and Paupers.

According to Mr. Graham, a member of the Edmonton Board of Guardians, a paying patient at the North Middlesex Hospital, which is the local workhouse infirmary, boasted that he had a grand time there, having whiskies, sodas and cigars, which he provided himself, and entertaining visitors in his private ward. This sort of thing must be very cheering for the mere pauper patients in the adjoining wards, and for the ratepayers of a poor district who provide the institution.

No Legs and No Job.

A story sad enough to wring a tear from a statue was that of a legless ex-soldier who wheeled himself into Tottenham Police Court to answer his young wife's summons for desertion. The poor fellow says he has wheeled himself 500 miles in the vain search for a light job. "I have no friends. All I want is my wife!" he told the magistrate, who is doing his best to persuade the wife to forgive past quarrels. Isn't there room somewhere for a man with no legs but a good heart?

On the Down Grade.

P.C. Levett of Brighton arrested a motorist on a charge of being drunk. Then he got into the car and ordered the drunken driver to take him to the police station, which involved driving down a steep hill. P.C. Levett admits that this was "risky." It was certainly a testimonial that the driver was adequate to taking the risk. Is a man drunk who can drive safely over an admittedly dangerous road? The magistrates thought so, a Brighter Brighton triumph of law over logic.

Carmen and Crime.

Carmen are noted for two things—long service and sterling honesty proof against temptation. Although calling himself a carman, Arthur Pavitt, with twenty-nine convictions of theft, housebreaking and assault, was really a crook taking in vain the name of an honest calling. Perhaps Pavitt's mind ran more to opera than horses, for as he left the Old Bailey dock he sang out, "I'll cheat you out of that eighteen months." Pavitt will find that he has made an error!

Indigent Clergy.

That the curates' lot is not a happy one is proved by the Rev. H. Allen, M.A., who has been letting in light upon a subject that badly needs ventilation. It will be news to many that in some cases payment for the cure of souls depends upon whether or not certain fishing and shooting rights can be let in the season. Underpaid all his working life, in old age the curate may look to a miserable pension of fifty pounds or thereabouts. The labourer is worthy of his hire, and it is time the Church put into practice what it preaches.

An Enemy of Women.

There is a lustful human hound wandering abroad at Pontypridd, Glamorganshire, who will remain a threatening evil to young girls as long as he is left at large. When fifteen-year-old Florence Young with her girl cousin was passing a dark gully on her way home, this brute attempted to kidnap her by throwing a coat over her head and hurrying her off to the fields. It was only after a heroic struggle on the part of both of these brave children that the man took to his heels. The sooner he's caught the better for Pontypridd girls.

Fire! Fire!

Through the bursting of an oil-lamp, the engine house at Barr Hall, mental hospital for West Bromwich Union, was set on fire, and damage done to the extent of £2,000. The imbecile children in adjacent wards were in danger of their lives, and had to be hurriedly removed. Our helpless pauper children should not be subjected to risks from using cheap lamps.

Cheeseparing at Cannock.

Although Mr. E. J. Pearson, a Cannock Guardian, has provided ample evidence that it would add greatly to the comfort and well-being of the sick and infirm poor if the Board possessed their own motor ambulance, his kindly and humane intentions have been defeated in the interests of economy. This is hitting at the weakest, and we agree with Mr. Pearson when he declares the decision shows a lack of magnanimity.

"Chars" and 'Osses.

How even charwomen delight in the legs of a horse is shown by the fate of Edith Llewellyn, a married charwoman who wields her brushes at Tunstall, Staffs. Post Office. She stopped a telegraph boy, and persuaded him to show her a horse-racing telegram sent to someone else, and passed on the tip to her husband. Edith's curiosity cost her a £2 fine. We are glad to see that the Postmaster-General has his eye on nosy Parkers in post offices.

"Elementary, My Dear Watson."

In a case in which the Falkirk police have figured, they out-sleuthed Sherlock Holmes. A burglar, who had entered the house of Sir James Adams, at Polmont, to satisfy his hunger took a bite from a roll of butter and afterwards made his departure with his booty. The Falkirk police promptly took a plaster cast of the teeth furrows, and by means of this identified a man arrested on other charges at Edinburgh. Scotland Yard could not have done better.

Mrs. Fagan.

Mary Ann Warrilow, of Walsall, is a mother who sadly befouls that sacred name. She is a widow who led an idle life by actually training and encouraging her own and other people's children to steal. Known as Polly Perkins, Warrilow turned her own house into a receiving station for stolen goods until caught and sentenced from another sort of station, while her unhappy family have been dispersed. But it is a sad pity their early memories cannot be effaced.

The Boxing Back.

Gunner Chapman, left-back of the 20th Battery R.F.A. football team, Deepcut, is too handy. A champion boxer, he lost his temper in a row over a referee's decision, and knocked a member of the rival team unconscious. "We are determined to keep football clean in Surrey," said a Woking magistrate, fining Chapman a fiver. Words we endorse and recommend footballers to live up to. Chapman must be taught to reserve his punches for the ring.

"When Eve Sells Petrol."

Following the disclaimers of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu and Lord Wemyss that they had any connection with the Scarsdale Petroleum Co., whose activities we exposed last week, Mr. Harry Becker, of Richmond, now informs us that, despite the fact of his name being on the prospectus, he has nothing whatever to do with the concern. Our warning was timely. Readers, 'ware Scarsdale Petroleum!

Poisonous Meat.

In spite of the fact that in no market is inspection and prosecution more rigorous, some sharpers appear to think Smithfield a safe dumping-ground for meat that is absolutely foul and rotten. Edward Herring, a farmer of Woodford Bridge, Essex, fell into this trap. He sent for sale the carcase of a cow that was described as being in a disgusting state from disease. His excuse that he had left the cow to his grandson to "kill for practice" only made the affair more revolting. He was fined £23. Pity that prison for cruelty was not added.

Armageddon.

Mrs. Martha Bruty, of Brentwood, has died, leaving unbroken her seven years of silence. In 1916, her son was reported missing in France, and since she received the news the poor woman has never spoken or recognised anybody. Truly, the woman's part is a heavy one. And yet the nations of the world are arming for the next war, and the women look on—helpless!

Auld Reekie's Ban.

Priggish prudery is making itself felt in Y.M.C.A. circles in Edinburgh, for the big-wigs of the local committee have banned dancing and mixed meetings as evils to be avoided like the plague. It is high time that these fanatics realised that broad-minded tolerance is the great high road to success in religious and social undertakings and that the cant of kill-joys never furthered Christianity.

Diddled.

The "Diddleum or Double-up" Club was to benefit the poorest of the poor at Middlesbrough, who paid their small savings to Joseph Adamson, the shopkeeper, and his wife Maria. But when the time came round for paying out the money, only Joseph and Maria knew where it had gone. Now they have also gone—down for seven months for a cruel fraud.

What's the Game?

We should like to know what fresh jiggery-pokery lies behind the latest move in certain Labour Exchanges. At Colchester, for instance, applicants for jobs are being called to a separate counter and asked whether they will consider work in Australia. If they refuse it they are asked to state their reasons and their answers are taken down in writing. We are very suspicious of this. There must be no attempt to coerce the workless into emigrating by threatening to withdraw their unemployment pay.

Do Good by Stealth.

Mr. S. Bunning of Borrowash, is a self-made man, who shows a retiring modesty as graceful as it is rare. He walked into Derby Infirmary and handed the secretary the sum of one thousand pounds in banknotes, and still, without disclosing his identity, visited the Railway Servants Orphanage and left notes for six hundred and seventy pounds. Only by accident was his name discovered. Mr. Bunning started life as a railway porter. A man for his town to be proud of.

Women—and a Woman.

The Bournemouth Guardians, who included several women among their number, refused out-relief to a woman and seven children threatened with eviction from the two rooms and scullery they occupied for no other reason than that the mother was unmarried. If she had been a widow or a deserted wife they would have granted her request, but because she omitted the mutterings of a priest or the gabble of a registrar from her nuptials they piously raised their eyes to heaven and offered her the hospitality of the workhouse!

They Get Your Goat.

John Woollard, a poor man over eighty, who keeps two goats to give milk for his invalid wife, was summoned at Harlow for contravening the Foot and Mouth Diseases Order. All he had done was to move the animals a few yards. The Bench fined him 10s., and when he pleaded poverty, explaining that all he had was his small pension, the Chairman brutally retorted, "But you have goats." No wonder the old man left the court much distressed, wondering how he could pay the fine, even by instalments.

A Good Lead.

The Mayor of Kidderminster, Mr. G. R. Woodward, is a man who believes in settling the unemployment question locally while other people merely talk about it. His scheme is to start a sugar beet factory, and rely on local farmers and allotment holders for crops. Employment for six hundred local out-of-works could be provided, by working weekdays and Sundays, day and night in three shifts, in the winter months. British and statesmanlike, if only the idea does not remain on the carpets for which Kidderminster is famed.

Merry Andrew.

If ever there was a wandering rogue it is Andrew Patterson. He sang in the streets and knocked at doors to beg. If there was no answer and he found the house empty, he forced a way in and stole. He wandered as far as Scotland, singing and pinching, and there wedded a girl after a day's courtship, so that she, poor devil, is bound up for life with a rascal. At Middlesex Sessions his wanderings were curtailed for twenty months. Meanwhile, the girl-wife waits.

Lived with a Corpse.

A Willesden family of seven—father, mother, and five children—lived, ate and slept, in the one room they called home, until one of the children died. Then for a week the six surviving members of the family lived, ate, and slept in the one room with a corpse! Now the local Bench have granted an ejectment order against the poor devils, giving them twenty-one days to get out—and go God knows where. Thus do the poor suffer while the building rings wax fat.

Free—But You Must Pay!

Handbills announced in large black type a "Big Free Whist Drive," with a Prize List of £10 at the Wandsworth Baths at 8 p.m. sharp. Many people obeyed the injunction to "Come early!" and turned up a good deal sharper than that, but discovered to their disgust that before they were admitted to this "free" drive they had to pay 2s. for another drive at 8.30 p.m. Why can't the promoters be frank and announce two drives for two shillings or none for nothing?

Problems of Life.

THE UNWANTED.

By the REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

A MAN I once knew gave up his regular occupation, owing to weakness of sight, while still under sixty years of age.

Within a comparatively short time he lost by death and removal most of his small circle of friends and loved ones, and in consequence gave way to depression of spirit.

I said to him: "You should seek company. Gather young life about you; maintain interest in what is going on in the world, and take what share your health permits in some form of practical service."

He answered sadly: "Nobody wants me. I bore young people, and I am past the age for making new friendships among my contemporaries."

It was a melancholy confession, but I believe it was no more than the truth.

A danger besetting many people in middle and later life is that of drifting out of touch with their fellow-creatures.

Nor is it only the selfish and ill-tempered whom this fate is likely to befall; it will overtake any who do not guard against it.

Perhaps its most grievous mode is that in which a good parent or devoted brother or sister becomes the victim.

You may slave for your family all through your best years and yet fail to hold their devotion at the end.

Why? Because you are uninteresting; you are too detached from life; you have too little in common with those to whom you have given your heart.

They profess affection for you, but they don't want to be with you.

It is no use repining about this: you must be alert to prevent or alter it.

Live more, not less, deeply with the passing years; beware of stagnation; enter fully and with understanding into the thoughts and pursuits of those about you; keep step with growing minds, and you need never be lonely.

More Jobs than One.

The Bugiawton Urban District Council have written to us to point out that Percy Arnold Booth, formerly their clerk, who was convicted of embezzlement, had other sources of income besides the £2 a week they paid him. The Bugiawton job was only part-time. In fairness to the Council we have pleasure in making this clear.

Rogues at Large.

We are glad to see that Scotland Yard is at last dealing seriously with the international gang of confidence tricksters frequently exposed in JOHN BULL, and in regard to whom detectives have been to our office. Two world-wide rogues, Daniel Melaney and "Captain" Biggar, have, following our startling revelations, been sent to jail for three years and ten months respectively. But there are still many imporant members of the gang at large, and we look to Scotland Yard to bring them, especially the principal, to book. They are only lying low, waiting for the storm to pass.

Jumperitis.

In consequence of numerous recent enquiries, we must again issue a caution regarding dealings with A. J. Way, of 5, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C., who advertises for ladies to knit jumpers at home. Thorough investigation has satisfied us that the hope of earning money in this way is a very forlorn one, Way's advertisements being mainly a device for disposing of "Art Silk" at extravagant prices.

A Disreputable Peer.

Notwithstanding our repeated exposures, the country continues to be flooded with circulars from "International Oil Industries," 15, Strand, London, W.C., advising investment in oil leases of land somewhere in Texas, U.S.A. For the benefit of new readers we repeat that the offers of this concern are as worthless as the signature of Lord Haldon, who calls himself its "Chairman."

Swindling Schoolboys.

"The London General Supply Association," which is the high-sounding name under which one T. Davis trades at 72, Finsbury Pavement, London, E.C., is still at its dismal game of swindling schoolboys by offering watches as prizes for solving a simple puzzle. Parents should be on their guard against allowing their children to be caught in this trap, which is merely a device for getting 10s. 11d. out of them for a trashy "simulation" gold chain.

Bulb Bunkum.

"Reliable person wanted by factory to establish small depot in own district. Income £25 per month. —Letters, under No. 390, to Advertising Office, Globe, The Hague, Holland." People who spent 2½d. on a stamp to reply to this advertisement were astonished to receive nothing but a badly printed price list from Lo Brinkman, the bulb-grower of Hillegom, headed, "Second Edition! Last Call!!" but containing no reference whatever to any agency.

Artful.

Homeseekers who replied to an advertisement of a house to let at 10s. a week received a communication from a concern called "The Raffia Arts Association," 184A, Oxford Street, London, W., offering the tenancy as a prize in a "simple competition" open to purchasers of a set of art raffia mats at 10s. The "competition" consists in forecasting the number of "entries" that will be received. We imagine the number will be very small. People anxious to find housing accommodation are not likely to be overjoyed at finding that the advertisement is merely an artful dodge.

A New Ball Game.

Secretaries of Golf Clubs some months ago received a communication from Godfrey Davis and Co., Surveyors, etc., 19, Buckingham Street, London, W.C., offering quantities of golf balls at a low price "owing to the liquidation of a Company dealing in sports requisites." One who sent £7 10s. for a supply received nothing; but, after much delay, an impudent suggestion that, as the transaction could not be completed, the money paid should be returned to him in weekly instalments of £1. When he refused this preposterous offer, Davis lapsed into silence.

A Broken Blossom

IN recent issues we warned the officials of Scotland Yard to watch the parasites of Chinatown, the yellow dope traffickers who live in luxury at the expense and sacrifice of many human lives. They have once again started their sinister operations.

Our Special Commissioner is constantly making nightly investigations in Limehouse, where the imitation shops are so conspicuous and where tragedy lurks in the shadows. The authorities will never get to the bottom of this insidious traffic unless they employ more secret and more effective methods.

The police are easily hoodwinked. Only the other night, in one of the low public-houses off the West India Dock Road, where Chinamen and Lascar seamen under the influence of liquor dance with white women who are "married" to Chinamen, an incident occurred which shows how absurdly some of the police investigations are conducted.

Two girls were seated drinking. Both are known pedlars of dope. One or two coloured men were dancing with women, to the music of an electrical piano.

"Who is that?" whispered a coloured man to one of the two women, pointing to a man engaged in conversation at the bar counter. The girl shrugged her shoulders. "Oh," she replied, "that is Detective —— from the Yard."

It is all so easy for dope pedlars to work when they know that they are being watched, and by whom.

In one of our recent articles we urged Scotland Yard to make investigations into the activities of certain white women in Chinatown, and we are glad to see that they have made a second important arrest, that of Julia Kitt.

Hers is a sad story. She was a great friend of May Roberts, the notorious opium queen, and has been running dope between Limehouse and the West End regularly for the last two years. She is married to a Chinaman who is one of the worst figures in Limehouse. His name is Choy Ah Kitt. The police might well watch him.

Julia had everything she wanted, expensive clothes and jewellery, and did most of her dope-trafficking by the aid of a costly limousine. But like so many other white women lured to Chinatown, she came of respectable parents in Liverpool and, completely fascinated by a Chinese scoundrel who encompassed her ruin, she is now broken on the iron wheel of Fate, and, after her six months' sentence is completed, will return, as all these poor wretched girls do, to the mysteries and vices of Chinatown. For the moment we leave the matter there.

But the police have an obvious duty. They must make such investigations that it will be impossible for the dope traffickers to enjoy immunity and laugh at Scotland Yard any longer.

Your Uncle from Russia

ONLY the other day someone asked the name of the greatest man in the world. And telepathy must have tickled the ear of Dmitri Tchernine, who spent his boyhood sitting on the Russian steppes. You've never heard of Dmitri? Listen:

WHEN you stand with your back to the wall, and your banking account is running low, it is a great blessing to be told that someone, somewhere, is thinking about you.

Sometimes you may only imagine this. But if you are lucky you will find it is really true. You may meet him by chance any time.

The name of the gentleman we have in mind is Dmitri Tchernine. Don't let that frighten you. He has no serious claim to the Russian throne, and years ago abandoned the country which gave him birth. There was no money there.

So when you have got over the shock of his name, try to regard him as the decent fellow he looks. He is a man in a million. There is scarcely anything he cannot do. His past achievements show that. So vast is his experience that it would not be beyond him to get sunlight from cucumbers or silver from winkle shells. And he is no occasional philanthropist.

Another excellent point about him is that you have no difficulty in getting in touch with him. He saves you all that trouble by the simple method of getting in touch with you. And the circulars he sends you are the last word in dignity. There is nothing in them that you cannot understand, even though you may not know anything about company matters and possess only the merest of ordinary, average minds.

We find that a few years have passed since he first started this business of making you the fat and prosperous people you all want to be. And he commenced to do it through the kind offices of a company he formed called the Anglo-Russian Exchange, Limited.

This was a splendid institution and was intended to deal in everything under the sun—from a whistle to a warship. All you had to do was to take up a few shares, hand over your money, and then wait in peace and quietness until you became rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

But all was not honey with Dmitri Tchernine. There were people looking on who got jealous of his growing prosperity. That is always the way in these days of class hatred, with an unusual man doing unusual things.

The plot thickened. Things went from bad to worse, and in his London office, miles and miles away from far-off Russia, Dmitri sat watching the company of his dreams heading straight for disaster. But he bore up to the last, and, what is typical of the splendid fellow he is, he told his subscribers not to worry, as everything would come right in the end.

Perhaps he was just a little too much an optimist. When the Anglo-Russian Exchange Company finally went into the Bankruptcy Court there were liabilities to shareholders of £32,782, and to creditors of £23,252. There were no assets at all, and the total deficiency stood at the insignificant figure of £56,034.

Let us pass over that and see how Dmitri's generosity really manifested itself. During the short life of this concern, apart from other extraordinary deficits, he defrayed personal expenses of his own to the extent of £1,306 in restaurant debts, and another £1,319 was swallowed up in discharging similar personal obligations. The Official Receiver said that "mismanagement and misapplication of funds" had contributed to the appalling failure.

That was three years ago. When Tchernine recovered his breath he appeared again in the financial arena, once more to make fortunes for people who wanted to get rich quick. And, what is more typical of him still, he wiped the previous unpleasant experience from his mind.

He blossomed forth under the auspices of a company called the International Exchange and Banking Corporation. In a few months he got money from people impressed by his magnificence. One woman thought he was well-off because a thorough scoundrel named Enever, now in jail for three years for fraud, with whom Tchernine was associated, told her so, and because Dmitri was so generous with his tips.

Let us see how this second attempt fared. Last week Tchernine again faced the Official Receiver. It was elicited that £8,850 had been received by the International Exchange and Banking Corporation from the public, but Dmitri was not at all clear where the money had gone. The Official Receiver said that "the living expenses of Tchernine and his family were paid by the Corporation. . . . In all, he received £6,000." These figures speak for themselves.

Thus this cultured Prince of Prosperity, this scheming, plausible Russian rogue, has done precisely the same thing that he did before—run a limited company for his own benefit.

The Official Receiver states that if there is any possibility of proceedings being taken they ought certainly to be. We agree. And to Dmitri Tchernine, who lives in the best hotels, and swaggers about the West End of London in his own inimitable and light-hearted fashion, we say plainly that we most certainly hope that everything *will* come right in the end.

But this is only another example of the deficiencies of our law, which apparently can do nothing in cases of this kind, except contemplate the position with disinterested gravity.

Forty-two Strokes for a Boy

THE task of keeping the Home Office on the right line in the administration of our Industrial and Reformatory Schools is not an easy one. It is not made easier when representative bodies, like the Kent County Council, endeavour to thwart the Home Office because it endorses the censure meted out to the Superintendent of a school who is found guilty of inflicting excessive punishment upon boys entrusted to his paternal care.

The case to which we refer occurred at the Kingsnorth Industrial School, the superintendent of which was Mr. Griffin.

It seems that a charge was made against some small boys of stealing stores. Mr. Griffin held his own inquiry, gave his own decision, and awarded his own punishment. The form that it took was too much for the principal teacher, who greatly to his credit, made an emphatic protest which resulted in a further inquiry. The Home Office Report, issued early this year, says that "It is due to the schools, in view of widely circulated statements to the contrary, to clear the public mind of the idea that punishment in certified schools is either severe or frequent." In this case the punishment, instead of reassuring the public mind, revolted the mind of the teacher.

It was stated that the Superintendent gave forty-two strokes to one boy and thirty-nine to another. A medical officer declared that, in spite of this, no excessive punishment had been inflicted. If forty strokes apiece were given, and that is not regarded as excessive punishment, we do not know the meaning of language.

A committee of inquiry, however, found that the charge of brutal punishment had not been established, but censured the Superintendent for administering *excessive* punishment. Perhaps they had it in the back of their minds that a verdict of brutal punishment would cost the Superintendent his job, while a verdict of merely excessive punishment would not expose him to any penalty, not to forty-two strokes.

The Home Office, now fully aware that public vigilance has been aroused by the exposures in JOHN BULL, took up a firm attitude, and refused to certify the school unless the Superintendent was dismissed. The Superintendent has been dismissed.

Now Lord Harris wants to send a deputation of protest to the Home Office. Lord Harris is a great cricketer and a great sportsman. But does he not agree that the boys, who have had a very bad innings, are entitled to the protection of the Home Office, too?

We say, and the public will agree with us, that they most certainly are.

Lord Haldon At It Again!

THERE is no end to the number of societies formed to relieve house-seekers of their money. But while the gullible people are plentiful, the houses themselves are never built. Will the Public Prosecutor act on the information we give below?

FOR some time past we have protested strongly against the legal system which permits so many housing swindles to be exploited at the expense of the investing public.

Our recent exposure of the humbug, Francis Caudle, may have prevented him from finding new victims. We propose here to tell the story of other housing ramps in the hope that it will stimulate the authorities in trying to get legislation through to protect the public from being shamefully victimised.

The Alliance Housing Association, Ltd., Southend, was founded in April, 1920. Time after time we warned the public that it was an unsafe investment. Last year the Annual Return showed that it had liabilities of nearly £2,000, and no assets.

The society was almost completely run by a man called Austin Fryers, whose real name is W. E. de Clery, who says that the Rt. Hon. Lord Haldon was Chairman.

The fact that Lord Haldon was connected—directly or indirectly—with the concern, should have been sufficient warning to anyone who has read our many remarks regarding his lordship. Any company with which Lord Haldon's name is even remotely associated ought to be watched very carefully.

The accounts were not properly kept, and there are no entries in the books in respect of items totalling over £1,800 for sums paid by members as deposits and also towards the cost of building houses.

The Association had an inaugural lunch which cost £24, and Lord Haldon got five guineas for expenses and had his hotel bill paid for going down to address a meeting at Southend. A lady named Ellis paid £300 to the Society on account of a house to be built for her. It is stated that the money was banked at Farrow's Bank, but the truth is that it was spent by the Society on other purposes.

There was a Mr. Hornby, who paid £300 on account of a house. He had to find the money to purchase the land and pay the builders to complete the house. He lost his £300, which was used by the Association for other purposes.

A man named Miller paid the concern £300 towards the cost of a house to be erected in Farleigh Drive. The Ministry refused to approve the site. Miller was then offered bonds, but he wanted either a house or his money back.

It was not possible to pay him his money back, as it had been spent for another purpose. He afterwards obtained a judgment in the High Court for the return of the money, but the judgment has not been satisfied.

Another man named Carey invested £200 in 1920 for a house to be erected in Darlinghurst Drive. No house was commenced, and very soon after the money was received by the Association it was paid out by it for other purposes.

De Clery, *alias* Austin Fryers, was responsible for the origination and registration of the Society. Under his management the rules of the society were almost entirely disregarded, and no books of accounts were kept except a petty cash book, incomplete.

The payments for salaries and administration expenses were extravagant, and were made out of deposits paid by members towards the houses they never got.

The statements of accounts and balance-sheet sent to the Registrar of Friendly Societies were false!

We do not think any graver indictment could be laid against any society than the story we have briefly told here. As in the case of Mr. Caudle, the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies in a fiasco of this kind holds an investigation, and that seems to be the end of the matter.

We say plainly that it ought not to end here. If the law is unable to deal with gross irregularities which have robbed the investing public of its money, the law ought to be strengthened.

Up and down the country there are numerous small building societies which are taking money from the public, and over which there does not seem to be any adequate control. And they appeal very largely to working people who have little or no experience of company finance, and are acute sufferers from the housing shortage.

These people are easily persuaded that the Government housing subsidy can be used for their advantage, and they believe, because of this, that the Government is behind the operations of such societies.

We have done our best to turn the searchlight of publicity on these wretched booby-traps for unsuspecting and simple-minded people. But something much more drastic is required. A prosecution of some of the more notorious of the offenders would do a great deal of good.

The Director of Public Prosecutions is apparently reluctant to prosecute. Why? It appears to us an obvious duty.

A successful prosecution would be an example to the grasping rascals who flourish with impunity on these bogus building societies, and who are now free, when one of their rotten concerns collapses, to find another name and start the whole business of graft all over again.

China, Glass and—Brass

THE City Glass and China Company have offices at 149, Fleet Street, E.C. In case you find any difficulty in making your way to this address, you may be told that the entrance to the office is in Hind Court, second door on the left, ring for lift, and the attendant will look after you.

These, in any case, were the instructions given to Mrs. J. Sargent, of 49, Algiers Road, Lewisham, who had occasion to call on the Company in reply to an advertisement.

The advertisement was of a type familiar to those who are in search of employment. It stated that a lady was wanted as a collector and assistant; wholesale trade; cash security; short hours. It seemed a very nice job, and looked all the better when Mrs. Sargent received a reply explaining that the work was easy and the hours very short—11 a.m. till about 4 p.m., and to midday on Saturdays.

But before arranging an interview, the City Glass and China Company very prudently enquired what wages Mrs. Sargent would be willing to accept, and what amount of cash security she could deposit.

This lady wrote back to state the amount of the wages, and very properly asked what security would be required. She was told in reply that she could be taken on for a month's trial at first, and that the cash security required would be £50. This was to be refunded at the termination of the engagement.

The letter from the firm went on to say that if the whole £50 could not be produced at once, £25 would do to go on with—a reply that showed an accommodating spirit in the City Glass and China Company.

Mrs. Sargent wrote to ask what security she had that her money would be safe. She asked further whether the City Glass and China Company could give any references, as this was rather a large security for no return except a wage of thirty-five shillings a week.

We entirely agree with Mrs. Sargent. And we are surprised to find that in reply to so reasonable a request no answer was forthcoming. Why should a firm which demands a money security from its employees have any objection to give references as to its standing and stability and power to safeguard the money so entrusted to them?

By the way, while on the topic of the City Glass and China Company, we might inform it that the demand for references might not have been so insistent if, on its notepaper, there appeared the name or names of the principals of this concern, as required under the Business Names Act.

The penalty for a default in this connection is up to £100, and the Registrar of Business Names might well look into the matter.

Paupers Don't Count

IF it possible in this time of stress, unemployment and hardship for a poor old man, who in his last days has to take to the workhouse, to be lost there, not only to his relatives but to the world—to die alone, unknown, unwept for, and his body to be carried away?

The man Irwin was an octogenarian. His aged wife was herself nearly blind. They parted. He went to various places and institutions and finally was taken into the Crumpsall Workhouse.

There he lay alone, infirm and solitary, for month after month. His old age pension was used towards his keep, but Mrs. Irwin got seven shillings a week relief from the Guardians.

For twelve months the poor old woman thought that her husband was as well and as happy as he could be under the circumstances. Although she had been very ill she finally could stand the uncertainty and suspense no longer. Out of her scanty resources she bought some small gifts of tobacco and went to the workhouse.

There she discovered to her horror that the poor man had been dead and buried for something like a year!

The Manchester Union has a coat-of-arms with the Latin motto: "Concilio et labore"—"By Counsel and effort." What counsel did they take? What effort did they make to find the wife of this poor old man before they rattled his bones over the stones? Before she could get relief she had to state who she was, and who her husband was, and where he was.

Did they verify it? If not, why not? It is the duty of the Guardians to make all inquiries about a pauper, and when one comes to them in possession of an old age pension, there is no trouble about verifying his identity and history.

But they did find out that the widow held a fully paid policy on her husband's life for nearly twenty pounds, and one of the officials said that it would be claimed by the Guardians for the deceased's maintenance, which had already been partly paid for by the only resource he had, the Old Age Pension.

This claim, however, was withdrawn, and the generous Guardians instead have stopped the poor widow's relief until it has been spent at the same rate of seven shillings a week.

The anxious son, after our Special Commissioner had interviewed him, put this specific question in writing to the Guardians. Was the body sent to any hospital for dissection, or was any autopsy or dissection made, and if so—where, and by what right, without the permission of he relatives? They did not answer specifically, as they should have done, but merely stated that after waiting some days the body was interred by the Guardians.

Are the Manchester Guardians proud of the care they have displayed in this case in their task of discharging the obligations of the State to its aged and broken citizens?

Growth of a Tea Plant

IT is a pity that one should have to distrust people who hold themselves out as good Samaritans and philanthropists and things of that kind, but it is the experience of ordinary humanity that the genuine philanthropist is distinctly rare.

There are a pair of philanthropists in the City of London, however, whose operations deserve a passing tribute of admiration. One of them is a Mr. J. Marx, and another a Mr. E. L. Lockyer, and they have taken these two names and compounded out of them the name Marlock, under which they trade as stock and share dealers at Charterhouse Chambers, Charterhouse Square.

They are interested in tea, not as a beverage, but as an investment. There is a tea company in the market called Doom Dooma Limited, and its shares are quoted at something under £40 each.

Marlock and Company have been fortunate enough to get some inside information about this company which has convinced them that the shares will be quoted at £50 within a month. They do not tell us perhaps all they know, but they observe that the consumption of tea is greatly in excess of the production.

This may be very true. And if we do Messrs. Marlock the compliment of believing it, it is obvious that they can do themselves a great deal of good by buying these shares and pocketing the profit of the rise.

But this philanthropic firm, instead of wishing to put this money in their own pockets, wish to give the benefit to other people. This is real kindness, and there is, alas, too little of it in this world. But why these business men want to give away to other people a profit which they could acquire for themselves with such certainty is a matter which is somewhat difficult to understand.

They tell you that if you haven't got the money to buy a Doom Dooma share, that need not worry you. All you have to do is to send £2 10s. to Messrs. Marlock and Co., and they will help you in some way that they understand to "control" a Doom Dooma share for a month, a period in which it is to make a profit of no less than thirteen pounds.

So, for an investment of £2 10s. you can make thirteen pounds. Multiply this by a thousand and you can make thirteen thousand pounds. And there are few of us in these days who can despise a comfortable financial picking like that.

But as we do not believe in this kind of kind philanthropy, we invite our readers not to accept so generous an offer, and to leave J. Marlock and Company to enjoy the profits they so confidently forecast. There is no reason why they should get money from you when they can so easily make it for themselves.

We do not advise anybody to believe that they will secure a fortune by the ingenious method of buying "options" in this way on the Doom Dooma Estate.

Low Tricks and High Finance

WE call attention in this article to the danger of a reputable bank's name appearing on the prospectus of shady company financiers. What chance has the investor if, trusting more the bank than the promoters, he parts with his money?

ONE of the greatest scandals in the commercial world today is the shameful and greedy carelessness with which people of position and title lend their names to limited companies in return for a seat on the board.

Not less dangerous to investors is the freedom with which financial sharks and shady company promoters are able to induce banks, even of the highest standing, to allow their names to be used in prospectuses of new issues. We do not allege that the banks make any "graft" or illicit profits on these flotations, but they cannot deny that investing shareholders often attach more importance to seeing their names on the prospectus than they do to the blazoning there of half the peerage.

For months we have urged the Board of Trade to severely overhaul the present Company law, and the officials might well take wisdom from the deplorable manner by which our greatest banks are exploited.

Take the case of the National Welsh Slate Quarries, Limited. A prospectus of this concern was issued on March 1, 1920, which gave under the heading of "Bankers" the name of one of the greatest banks of this country.

Concerned in the promotion and financing of this company was a man called Roland Morgan, alias Speller. For many years this man was associated with unfortunate company flotations, involving the loss of many thousands of pounds to shareholders. We assume that the bank did not know this when it permitted its name to appear on the prospectus. Speller is at present in jail.

The prospectus stated that the property was valued by an independent expert at £87,000, and that it was sold to the company for £180,000, or more than twice its valuation.

The history of the company floated under these auspices was short and disastrous. The prospectus estimated profits at £133,000 a year. Its first report, little over a year later, showed a loss of nearly £10,000.

Six months after this, it was voluntarily wound up, the Chairman of the Investigating Committee stating that the value of the property did not justify a capital of more than £10,000. The unfortunate shareholders subscribed £70,000 to this disastrous venture.

That is not all. During its short career, while it was steering straight for disaster, a gentleman called F. J. Nettlinghame appeared upon the scene, and wrote to a number of people booming the National Slate Quarries, Limited, saying that the concern was "veritably snowed under with orders."

Writing from 27, Temple Row, Birmingham (telegraphic address "Oracle, Birmingham") Mr. Nettlinghame stated in his most oracular manner that the Company was about to build a hundred houses on which they would make a profit of £750 each, or, in all, £87,000 this, after providing for the preference dividends, would leave £60,000 for the ordinary shares, which would mean for them a dividend of 60 per cent.

This alluring circular was sent out on June 15, 1920. In the following May the shares were not quoted at 10s. premium as had been promised. You could not get a buyer for them anywhere, and a few months later the whole concern went into liquidation.

That was not the only string to the bow of the oracular Nettlinghame. He also wrote to shareholders in National Slate Quarries to give them preliminary details of the Standard Housing Company, Limited, inviting them to buy shares in that concern.

The Standard Company was going to buy slates from the National Welsh Quarries and build a thousand houses a year which was going to be the most profitable post-war enterprise ever undertaken.

Now who is Mr. Nettlinghame, and what was the story of the Standard Housing Company? He is a son-in-law of Mr. Speller, alias Langdon, and he is an undischarged bankrupt. When the Standard Housing Company went into liquidation after a short, exciting and inglorious career, the public dropped something like £90,000.

Nettlinghame, early this year, ran a company called Rusticana, Ltd. We turned the searchlight of publicity on this concern and it is now in liquidation.

Nettlinghame and Speller are two of the most dangerous sharks in the world of dubious finance. The bank obviously did not know this when it lent its name to the prospectus.

Fraudulent companies are constantly going into liquidation, and scarcely a week goes by without some concern or other failing with heavy losses of public money. In many cases the prospectus gave the name of one of our best-known banks.

The reason why we have drawn attention to this matter is because it cannot be disputed that the existence on a prospectus of the name of a leading bank makes a great impression on the minds of simple-hearted investors to whom the shady and crooked promoters specially appeal for money.

And we think it is as much in the interests of this and other banks as of the public that there should be plain talking about this matter. The great banks of this country, the "Big Five," are the pillars of British finance, and they ought to be very careful before they allow sharks and capital hunters to come into action under their banner.

Fireworks and Damp Squibs

IF a man, hard hit by the prevalent commercial depression and unemployment, struggles amid great difficulties to earn a living by honest street trading, should he not be encouraged?

We think he should.

Thousands of men who are making most praiseworthy efforts to maintain themselves as self-supporting members of the community instead of becoming burdens on the ratepayers, are being driven from pillar to post and subjected to a continual harassment which amounts to little less than systematic persecution.

Let us take, for instance, the case of William Williams, of 5, Cavendish Street, Shoreditch. Suffering from Bright's disease, he is unable to work, but for some time he has contrived to support himself and his daughter of thirteen (who acts as a little mother to his boy of six) by selling goods in the streets.

A few weeks ago, when fireworks were in demand, he thought this would be a good line, and on October 26 applied to the L.C.C. for a licence, which was granted. He invested the whole of his savings, some £6 10s., in fireworks, and offered them for sale from a barrow in Battersea.

On Saturday, October 27, in consequence of information laid apparently by some dog-in-the-manger shopkeeper, he was told by a police officer that he was contravening the provisions of the Explosives Act, 1875, and would be summoned. In the meantime the whole of his stock was seized and taken to the police station.

It was not until Saturday, November 3, that he received from the L.C.C. a document setting forth the conditions under which the licence had been granted!

A month elapsed before the case was heard at the South-Western Police Court. Williams explained to Mr. Marsh, the magistrate, that he was in ignorance of the provisions of the law for a week after the licence was granted, and the summons was dismissed and the seized stock ordered to be returned to him.

But of what use were they to him? During the month they had lain in the police station he had almost starved. For the first time in his two years' tenancy he had got behind with the rent. For the first time in his life he had had to go to the Guardians for relief. And when he tried to dispose of his fireworks for £1 the lot no one would accept his offer. No one wants fireworks now. The time for guys and spluttering squibs has long since passed.

Live and let live is a good old motto. It is more than ever applicable when the Christmas season is in view. If it had been borne in mind we should not have to chronicle this dismal persecution of an honest street trader.

The Castaways of Marriage

by ELIZABETH MURRAY SHEPHERD

TOO often do we forget the child's fate in the dissolution of a marriage. The tense drama being played by a man and woman who once loved and now seek separation, engages all our attention, and the baby—of more importance than either—is neglected. Here, in a moving appeal for the helpless mites, Mrs. Shepherd draws aside the veil of our indifference, and shows us—Humanity.

A MULTI-MILLIONAIRE of New York City, determined to divorce his wife at any cost, branded his own son as illegitimate—as the child of a very common trapper-Indian. He has systematically schemed to alienate the other children from the mother who bore them, and to set the Scarlet Letter on her forehead.

The mother was represented in Court by able counsel, but who defended the baby, attacked by his own father who brought him into the world without his volition! In the marriage vows the man swears amidst the sacred surroundings of his church, and in the presence of God's representative on earth, to "cherish and protect" his wife. *But no marriage vows are pledged to defend the children which may issue from that union.*

Men and women enter into marriage with their eyes open. But a child is ushered into the world without consulting its desires, and without any guarantee that it will have even a chance for survival. No possible ingenuity of the devil himself could have made this world more difficult and hazardous for the child; for the human baby, amongst all the products of the animal kingdom, is least protected against the enemies of its existence.

THE child must benefit by the collective wisdom and the adult protection of those on the earth when it makes its appearance. Chiefly these adults are its mother and father. Formerly men and women looked to religion to interpret the purpose of life; but modernly we look *around* us—at the conditions and people with whom we live, and whom we touch in daily material and spiritual contact.

Nature has left her record where all may read. Nothing is clearer than that her supreme purpose in placing the human family on earth is for race-improvement. But that conviction is very slow in penetrating, at least for practical application, into the minds of humanity as a whole.

How can we fulfil it without some concentration upon babies and little children? In them is contained all the potentialities of the three processes by which human perfection is to be obtained: self-preservation, race-preservation and improvement.

IT is significant that in a symposium on "Better Marriage and Divorce Laws," published by one of America's most influential and popular women's magazines, though the contributed articles on the subject are from leading women, not an argument is directed towards the position and the Stake of the Child. Over and over again the need of protection for women is cited, but the word "children" is used but twice!

But woman has come into her own. The injustices visited upon children belong to the present tense. The problem is difficult to investigate, and to remedy, for the privacy of the home closes it away monastically.

We know that the children of divorced parents are inferior in application, steadiness and serious ambition. We are well aware that the birth-rate has lowered amongst the rich and the educated, largely through divorce. The morale of the home being destroyed, the child by imitation invariably loses his stamina. In a wrangling home—the preliminary to divorce—the child becomes accustomed to dinners broken up by angry disputes, the absence of the father from home for indefinite intervals—sometimes the mother also.

"Meal-time" is a movable feast; and less attention is paid to pleasing the palate when the father or the mother has lost interest in catering to the pleasure and well-being of the other. Family unity begins to slip; and the influence of both parents to diminish. Laxity in the sacredness and the privacy of family affairs creeps in. The children think it a good joke to retail to the neighbours the quarrels of their parents—and they lack no encouragement to do so.

BECAUSE interest has flagged, appearance is neglected. The children become untidy, they lose that obedience to regularity and system which in the best of circumstances is a difficult thing for children to adopt. The little friendly conspiracies for making members of the family circle happy, the old, but ever-new, jokes, the camaraderie—these disappear. They gradually disintegrate, and with them go the balance, the poise, the *entente cordiale* without which the word "family" is a mockery.

The children lose their ambition, they become lazy and inattentive, having seen the example of non-obedience to any system set before them. When one or both the parents have bad habits, especially if they drink to excess, all the horrors increase a thousand-fold. I once wondered why a boy attending school looked so furtive and timid. I went into his home one day, and learned why. He never knew when the father would come home reeling drunk and full of the wildest passion. He was likely to grab the boy by the ear or collar, and hurl him against the wall, or out into the yard.

IN one of a charity organisation's cases, the man and his wife both drank, the husband was always deserting his family, threatening divorce, but never keeping his word, returning to enact scenes of terrible violence. None of the children had normal sense, three of the eight were little short of idiots. Meals were eaten at any time. When a child felt hungry it went to the table, and, grabbing a piece of not-too-clean bread, began to gnaw it. They were constantly staying out of school even after the truant law started, and began an intimacy with the courts which led most of them into prison.

DIVORCE is much more prevalent in the United States than in England, according to statistics, the American rate being one divorce to every seven weddings. The cases when tried in court are more thoroughly aired, more scandal is laid open to the world, and the American papers give columns on the front page, with full details. The scandal germ is much more flourishing on the other side of the pond, and divorce is scarcely looked at askance. It is in reality almost as fashionable as appendicitis.

But our stern forbears did not build up America, nor England, in that manner. It is a monstrous example of the moral degeneracy of our time. Ancient Rome gave a week once a year to her lower classes for a relaxation from their rigid labour and laws. But our orgy of capitulation to selfish pleasure and indulgence, and disregard of others, is never-ending. Have we taken a look into the pit of race-disintegration that yawns in front of us?

FOR, if the child—*the future generation*—is neglected, Nature's purpose is frustrated, the race stock rots, and humanity starts on the back track to oblivion. Our destiny rests with *us*. We have been given a brain. If we use it only to put selfishness on the throne of human destiny, if we rot out our bones and melt our muscles and drink unclean sexual fires, we cannot expect that the children who are born into such a Bedlam from such degraded stock will maintain and advance the race.

In a case of divorce, the children are given to the "innocent parent." But in how many cases has there not been collusion—even an agreement between the parents as to which will carry the burden of guilt? In India, marriage and separation (there is no divorce) are formulated with the one objective—that of the child. The first wife willingly admits a second wife into the household, when she has been unable to produce an heir. Property must be settled on every wife, and in case of separation she must be provided for. Even the Mohammedans are ahead of America—they simply go before one of the priests of the church and quietly obtain a divorce. No scandal, no branding of one or the other of the parents as either a sexual degenerate or a savage brute. The dirty linen is washed in the most private of the family closets, and the children are not compelled to face the world with shamed or hardened faces.

Mrs. Elizabeth Murray Shepherd, leader of the women's movement in the U.S.A.

Back to sanity! For it is not alone the child's stake that is in peril—it is humanity's stake. It is humanity that is on trial. It is civilisation itself which is threatened. For the home is bounded by the four walls of the world. We are crying for a new social conscience, and it is the women who must create it. But they must first see straight and realise where their teaching must begin, and who will carry it on. It were poor teaching to preach a social unity in the schools which the home makes a bitter mockery.

IT is woman who must call a halt. She was the protector of the child from the birth of the race—she and the child formed the first social organisation, and she through long centuries worked upon the anti-social savage mind of man to force him into the permanent relationship of a home and marriage. Nature planted in her the instinct, not alone to bring life into the world, but also to protect it—even at the cost of her own life.

I have faith in woman: I see a long vista of glorious social improvement stretching down the future pathway of humanity. Her destiny is to raise this status of the social conscience still higher. Through her alone, the home has lost its primitive, solely sensual implications, and has taken on the spiritual, the moral, the intellectual. She will infuse into sexual relations vastly more of the esthetic and spiritual.

THE home, and all that it means, is the sole power which has lifted us from the brute. We are blindly letting that power slip from our hands to-day. Fit the ethics of the home to the larger measurement of the world, make the world a universal home—and we shall worry no more, over wars, or crime, or unhappiness.

"Do you hear the children calling
oh, my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with
years?"

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Not rieties and ccasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Hon. LORD HEWART,
Lord Chief Justice of England.

MY LORD,—I am gratified to find that my protest against the recommendations of the Committee on Criminal Responsibility has received your powerful support. Addressing a gathering of distinguished medical men, you warned them that if it became law that murderers could escape the scaffold by a plea of insane impulse, we should be launched on a sea, the shores of which are very widely separated. I hope your outspoken remarks will give pause to the cranky theoretical criminologists who appear to be bent on removing the last safeguard against wholesale homicide.

JOHN BULL.

To E. A. GOWERS, Esq., C.B.,
Permanent Under Secretary, Mines Department.

SIR,—Have you read of the explosion which occurred in the Franklin Coal Co.'s mine at West Frankfort, Illinois, U.S.A.? Over nine hundred men were working at a depth of 500 feet where the explosion occurred, but only two were killed and eight injured, the others escaping owing to the system of protective chamber barriers installed in the mine. In view of the terrible toll of life taken annually by accidents in our coal mines, I think you would do well to consider introducing a similar system here.

JOHN BULL.

To Dr. E. G. L. GOFFE,
Kingston-on-Thames.

SIR,—I admire your outburst of righteous anger in giving evidence at an inquest on a baby who had died in a house in which eight adults and six children were living. Protesting against the horrible housing conditions under which the poorer people of Kingston are forced to live, you exclaimed, "I am surprised at the tranquillity of the people, and I wonder that any Borough Councillor has a window-pane left in his house." Rather harsh words, but obviously they came from a generous, sympathetic heart. Stick to it, till the scandal is removed.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir JOHN BRADBURY, G.C.B.
Reparations Commission, Paris.

DEAR SIR JOHN,—The public is growing very tired of reading paragraphs in the newspapers on the subject of reparations that are not forthcoming. What we want to know is why we cannot be paid by Germany, if not in money, in kind. Potash and timber are two imports which Germany could give us without competing with our own industries. Why don't we get them?

JOHN BULL.

To Dr. J. A. Hutton,
Westminster Chapel, London, S.W.

SIR,—What exactly did you mean when, commenting on the "unnaturalness" of the modern intellectual girl, you said you would welcome the day when she would drop her cloak of daring and be a little less unconventional? What is it that affrights you in the modern miss? Is she not a thousand times better than her strait-laced, vapourish Victorian grandmother, who confused ignorance with innocence? Her cloak of daring is her chief protection, and her unconventionality is the sign of her emancipation. Heaven save us from a return to simpering silliness and prunes and prisms!

JOHN BULL.

To Sir GEORGE WIGLEY,
Chairman, Nottingham Summons Court.

SIR,—You recently had before you Alfred Burton and Emma Lydell, a couple living in sin, who were charged with revolting cruelty to the four-year-old illegitimate child of the female defendant. The evidence showed that the child was left neglected on a filthy bed, with its body covered with sores—which were licked by a dog. The unnatural guardians of the child laughed when this incident was pointed out to them. You declared it was a case one scarcely expected to find in a civilised country, and then sent the cruel couple to prison for a month. Why only a month?

JOHN BULL.

THE POLL CALL.

(With apologies to Lady Butler's Picture "The Roll Call.")

To the Rt. Hon. LORD CAVE,
Lord Chancellor.

MY LORD,—You have done well in speeding-up the new and simpler divorce procedure. There are still many formalities which are quite unnecessary in connection with this procedure, which cost time and money. They were designed by lawyers for lawyers. Why not go a step further and sweep them away?

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. LORD DERBY,
Liverpool.

MY LORD,—You deserve the thanks of the community for your kind thought in handing over £2,000, five per cent. of your gross racing winnings this year, for the benefit of Lancashire ex-Service men. You have shown the real sporting spirit, and I commend your generous example to other owners.

JOHN BULL.

To the Venerable R. H. CHARLES,
Archdeacon of Westminster.

VENERABLE SIR,—I am glad that you did not mince matters in referring to the decision of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to augment the income of certain benefices in the Church of England. As you say, the increase has not come before it was needed, for it is a scandal that there should be more than 5,000 rectors whose incomes are less than £200 a year, and yet are expected to support their families, and put their hands into their pockets for every case of deserving charity in their parish.

JOHN BULL.

To A. G. MARSHALL, Esq.,
Becos Traders, Ltd., London.

SIR,—When unemployment is so terribly prevalent it is comforting to think that you can bring orders to this country from Russia for coal, plant, ships and textiles to the extent of something like fifty million pounds. That will go far to solve our unemployment problem. It is stupid to refuse to trade with Russia because she cannot repay her loans. She can pay her way now, not necessarily in gold, but in foodstuffs and raw materials we so badly want, in exchange for our manufactured goods. How much longer is the Government going to shut its eyes to this helpful contribution towards the solution of our unemployment problem.

JOHN BULL.

To Superintendent R. PORT,
Police Office, Godalming.

SIR,—When you were recently placed in charge of your Division you unctuously announced that you would like the inhabitants of the Borough to look upon you as a friend. Almost in the same breath you raised your voice in protest against the granting of an extension to the licensee of the White Hart Inn to enable him to serve intoxicants up till 11 p.m. on the occasion of the annual dinner and concert of Ye Olde Charterhouse Lodge of the R.A.O.B., although the mayor and magistrates were disposed to allow it. If this is a sample of your friendship, the people of Godalming may well exclaim, "Save us from our friends!"

JOHN BULL.

To EUGENE JACKMAN,
Tradesman, Brighton.

SIR,—If you wonder in which capacity I address you, let me say that you are neither a celebrity nor a notorious character. When you sent a woman a letter saying that you had obtained a committal order from the Court, and that she would have to go to prison unless she at once paid what she owed you, the poor woman was so terrified that she sold her little children's clothes so as to send you a few shillings. I am glad that Judge Moore-Cann ordered your shameful, lying letter to be sent to the Public Prosecutor, and you can expect no sympathy from me if, as a result, you make the acquaintance of the inside of a prison yourself.

JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

HUMILIATION OF LORD ROTHERMERE

Back to Barbarism

WHEN the Rent Act was passing through the House of Commons, we severely criticised its loose and vague terminology and prophesied that its operation would only lead to further muddle and hardship.

We were only too true in our forecast. All over the country thousands of people are being evicted under its provisions, and the New Year will see an enormous increase in the already vast army of the homeless.

Amidst all the hullabaloo of platform heroics few politicians have thought it worth their while to deal with the housing scandal.

Yet the situation grows more serious every day. A shortage of houses is rapidly turning into a real famine, and when that materialises epidemics and social disorders will be the inevitable result.

When, during the war, it was a case of providing death-dealing machinery, neither money nor labour or trade union red-tape was allowed to hinder the steady flow of material.

Both Government and nation proved then that organised effort could achieve the well-nigh impossible. The housing scandal has reached such serious proportions that the next Government will find itself faced with the necessity for organising the means of life with as great a concentration of effort as it then organised the means of death. For the people have got to be housed and that right speedily.

New Dope Craze

ONE of the sequels of prohibition in America is the prevalence of the wood-alcohol habit, the drinking of a low-class spirit which has a deleterious effect on the body and a maddening result on the brain.

We have a similar problem in this country to-day. Owing to the high cost of spirits, due to the heavy duty, they are beyond the reach of many poor people, who are turning in increasing numbers to methylated spirit as a substitute.

The effect of this pernicious habit upon its victims is disastrous. The police report that many crimes of a gross and brutal character are the direct result of the drinking of methylated spirit. The unhappy people who yield to this craving are rarely able to free themselves from its grip.

The Home Office ought to classify methylated spirit as a poison, so that it could not be sold except to registered customers. This might not kill the traffic, but it would at least scotch it; and the public would be reassured to see the Home Office doing something to help those who cannot help themselves.

Some Lessons of the Election

THE "Hats Off To France" nonsense of Lord Rothermere has suffered an ignominious collapse. Not a single candidate has dared to support it. That he does not represent the British people has been abundantly proved.

AT this eleventh hour the electorate has made up its mind, and to-morrow will go to the polling-booths with the fate of the country and the Empire in its hands. We have said what we had to say on the issues that have been before the country for the last three weeks. We have only one thing to add.

It is on such occasions as this that, for a brief moment, supreme power is vested in the people. Once Parliament has met, the ruling power is transferred to Westminster. At the ballot-box the people are supreme. To-morrow it is the first duty of every man and woman to use that power and to vote.

One remarkable feature of the Election deserves to be put on record. There has been a complete collapse of the Rothermere "Hat Trick." No candidate and no party has been found to applaud M. Poincaré's policy in the Ruhr.

The sudden silence of those who, for months past, have been adjuring us to "take off our hats to France" should go far to convince M. Poincaré of his folly in believing that the Inky Monster of Fleet Street in any way represents the true opinion of the mass of Englishmen.

THE candidates of all parties have been forced to face facts. One and all, they have been compelled to admit that no real solution of the unemployment problem can be found until the foundation is laid by restoring peace and normal trade relations in Europe.

The patent folly of backing a French policy that is making European chaos worse confounded has been too much for even the most loose-thinking politician.

The bubble of misrepresentation that Lord Rothermere has been sedulously blowing for months past has burst at the first contact with reality. Instead of being hailed as a God-sent leader of the people, he finds himself completely ignored, even by the politicians supposed to tremble at his nod.

The people have forced the politicians to make unemployment the issue of the fight, and the Ruhr policy of M. Poincaré and Lord Rothermere has been treated with a contemptuous silence that must be galling, indeed, to the would-be Dictator of Fleet Street.

To have torn to shreds the pompous claims of the Press Trust to represent free-thinking Englishmen by manufacturing their opinions makes the Election seem almost worth while.

Whatever the outcome of the Election, it is inevitable that many candidates will be returned to Parliament on a Minority vote. It may even be that the Government will actually represent a minority of the votes recorded.

PROPORTIONAL Representation would have prevented this. One of the first duties of the new Parliament must be to revise and amend our electoral machinery so that in future elections the minority candidate shall be unknown, and the Inky Monster powerless.

Our final word to the voter is this: Responsibility begins and does not end with the marking of the ballot-paper. Time and again we have been fooled by the politician. Time and again we have seen promises broken and pledges disregarded.

There must be an end to all such quackery and chicanery. The candidates who go to Westminster to represent the people will go this time in the full knowledge that what they promise they must perform.

For if they fail again, the people will exact a heavy reckoning.

Queer Business

WHEN it was first proposed to sell the Government holdings in the Anglo-Persian Oil Company we were in favour of this course being taken.

We have changed our opinion because we have good grounds for believing that the country is being hoodwinked.

Although the firm who is so eager to buy the shares is nominally Dutch, the control is to all intents and purposes in German hands. Why have we not been told?

We ask those who are busy pulling the wires behind the scenes a plain question: Is it or is it not a fact that the mismanagement of Anglo-Persian oil has resulted in a loss to the Government of something like £10,000,000?

Is it or is it not the case that they are willing to get out of this ill-managed business on any terms and to any purchaser so long as the public are kept in the dark as to the real reasons?

Prominent business men in this country have been asked to come in and put this business on a sound basis—in order that the Government might hand it over to private enterprise. And quite rightly they have refused to do it on such terms.

We demand that they shall be allowed to come in on *their* terms—to reorganise Anglo-Persian oil for the British nation.

We demand the retention of this vital fuel source so that in the future Great Britain will not be either cut off from supplies or held to ransom by the interests of big business.

Misleading Labels

THAT party politics is a game, and party labels merely the jargon of the game, has long been painfully obvious. The Election has shown that even the labels have ceased to have any real meaning.

The last Election, when Liberals who were really Conservatives called themselves "National" Liberals in order to keep up the party pretence and fool the electorate, marked the beginning of the end of the party farce. This Election has sounded its death knell.

From the platform speeches it is evident that a new political combination will emerge from the result. The advanced Liberal has moved steadily towards Labour; the moderate Liberal leans more and more towards the Conservative standpoint.

The balance of power in the new Parliament will not incline to any one party. On the one hand there will be the Conservative-Moderate-Liberal group; opposed to them will be the Labour-Radical combination.

It is all to the good that politicians are at last being forced to sail under their true colours.

The Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George, Prime Minister, 1916—1922.

Lies Upon Lies

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.)

THE brilliant personalities who have toured the country, saying on one platform what they contradict on the next, do not confuse the minds of the voters. The people look on the Election much in the way as our contributor, and vote for men whom they can trust.

Having politics, never at rest—as this poor earth's pale history runs—
What is it all but a trouble of ants in the gleam of a million million of suns?

Lies upon this side, lies upon that side, truthless violence mourn'd by the Wise.
Thousands of voices drowning his own in a popular torrent of lies upon lies.

TENNYSON.

THERE are two lawyers at the head of the Liberal Party. A few weeks ago they were quarrelling like cat and dog. To-day, they embrace in public, laugh at Mr. Baldwin's "honesty," and declare how proud they are of each other.

What is the public to make of such politicians as these? Is it to think that a misunderstanding has been cleared up and that two thoroughly right honourable gentlemen, together with their respective wives and families, are now on the most cordial and Christian terms of friendship, united in the service of their country?

In the meantime let us glance at the perplexing mind of Mr. Lloyd George, the fighting pirate of politics, the new dove of modern Liberalism.

LESS than five months ago he laid it down in the House of Commons that a settlement of Europe would *not* bring prosperity to British trade: On the contrary *"the moment peace is restored in Europe . . . you will find yourself face to face with real rivalry and competition."* To-day he speaks from another brief. "What is the remedy for unemployment? *It is the restoration of peace throughout Europe."* He makes our head spin.

The compass being boxed in this matter, Mr. Lloyd George, who assured us in December, 1918, when office hung upon such a promise, that Germany should pay reparations to the very uttermost of her capacity, is now blaming the Government for not standing up to M. Poincaré with a bludgeon. What is the public to make of him in this important detail of foreign policy? Again, Mr. Lloyd George's broadest comic efforts in the present election are got from the Government's policy of Protection. He insists that this policy is a joke, an absurdity, and an absurdity that will bring ruin to our nation.

BUT Mr. Lloyd George was responsible for the Safeguarding of Industries Act. Moreover, one of the wisest men whom he implored to help him in the War, Lord Inverforth, has declared himself in favour of Mr. Baldwin's policy. Sir Robert Horne, a firm Protectionist, was also one of his discoveries. Mr. Lloyd George must know that Protection is a serious economic policy. But he splits his sides over this monstrous economic lunacy and seeks to giggle it out of serious attention. What are we to make of such a man?

Let us now glance at Labour. The most destructive and cruel of all the sufferings of the British people during these last three years has been, and still is, not unemployment, terrible as that is, but housing. If any body of men might have put an end to this heartbreaking sorrow of the working classes, it is the Labour Party. The Labour Party could have brought pressure on the unions of the building trade. It could have urged these unions to refuse luxury building, to enrol ex-Service men, to waive some of their regulations, to abolish ca' canny, and with all their might and with all their energy to concentrate on building workmen's houses at a price enabling genuine workmen to rent them.

Instead, what has it done? The sufferings of working-class families have been a card up its political sleeve. It has used those heartbreaking sorrows only to stir up discontent and to belabour the capitalistic system. Those dreadful sufferings have been useful to it in the political game.

Its attitude towards the housing of the people fills me with a hot contempt.

I TURN to the Unionist Party. Mr. Baldwin began this election badly, making one most grievous error before he went to the country, but nobler counsels have prevailed, he has recovered his courage, and in his hands the supreme interest of the British people, clean government, is safer than it could possibly be in the hands of his enemies. He is one of the very few men in politics who refuse to see the Big Bosses of the Press, and he will never be the trembling tool of any newspaper syndicate. That is one reason why he is hated and crabbed, and his "honesty" sneered at by lawyer-politicians.

Moreover, there are men about him determined to carry out a policy of social progress; men who realise that this vast Empire can be made a blessing to every man and woman in the British Isles, and who are better equipped than their opponents to resist corrupt influences and to carry out Imperial ideas with courage, with businesslike earnestness, and with a genuine self-sacrificing devotion.

LIBERALISM, in my judgment, is a thing of such doubtful utility that a wise man will turn it over more than once before he decides to take it home to his wife and children.

Labour is not only the enemy of personal freedom, but represents the tyranny of the crank and the revolutionary: it would destroy us: it is an unexploded mine floating in a stormy sea.

Unionism represents what is most honest, most clean, most loyal and most earnest in the British nation: and inspired by the faith of an alert, vigorous and intelligent democracy, it may give us a new enthusiasm for our Imperial destiny, and bring about conditions in these islands more worthy of a self-respecting nation and a people famous for the domestic virtues.

In this faith I shall vote for Unionism; but I shall watch it closely, and fight against it if it shows any sign of playing traitor to the righteous hopes of the British people.

FOR, unhappily, the lie dogs politics all down the history of mankind, and politics will always be a case of "lies upon lies" until a vigilant and instructed democracy has the power to distinguish between an honest man and a rogue, between a disinterested servant of the highest ideals and a mere seeker of office with his tongue in his cheek. We get the politicians we deserve, and the Press we deserve. It is with us, and only with us, that the power rests to end the lie in politics and the lie in the Press.

Murder Made Easy!

"In the absence of conscience, we must rely upon the moral persuasion of the policeman."

Lord Atkin, whose Committee has reported on Criminal Lunacy.

DESPITE the biased and passionate pleading of love-sick Juliet, there *is* something in a name. The name of "thieving" in Hoxton may be changed to "kleptomania" in Kensington, with a difference of as much as 14 years' penal servitude. Now it is proposed by Lord Atkin's Committee that a similar terminological difference shall be legalised in the rating of murder.

The law may still hang a feeble-minded tramp who has been driven by the wild-beast frenzy of hunger to rob, and thence, by the chances of his victim's resistance, to kill. It may still hang a hasty, hot-tempered person who has killed under the goad of a grievous wrong, if the "provocation" had not been such as to upset "one of ordinary sense and calmness." But under the Committee's proposal the law may not hang a murderer "when the act is committed under an impulse which the prisoner was by mental disease in substance deprived of any power to resist."

That is to say, that the amended law would still hang Jacoby, the half-witted boy of no account, who killed a lady of title; but the tender solicitude due to the afflicted would be extended to a well-connected Piccadilly degenerate like Ronald True, if he had the means to secure expert evidence that he only murdered through an "impulse" which, "by mental disease in substance," he was unable to resist. Blessed words: "in substance"! Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, the "substance," translated into practice, would be of that sort which is kept in bankers' cellars.

Heaven forbid that I should ever write a line tending to increase the business of the hangman! I loathe the thought of murder—even by law, and if I refrain here from a direct frontal attack upon the whole institution of capital punishment, it is only because I am assured by humane authorities that the terror of the whip and the rope are the most powerful of existing deterrents to crimes of savagery and violence. My purpose is assuredly not to extend their use, but only to insist that, if they must be used, they s applied with equal mercy or equal relenti to rich and poor, to the socially influentia the outcasts of society.

"Uncontrollable impulses" in persons v able to go about their daily business in a and rational way, afford no excuse for As Mr. Cairns, the metropolitan magistra in his latest book, "every man is a p felon." You and I may have stolen appl the farmer's orchard when we were boys, never think now of leaving our cosy fire nights to steal the first edition or the china that we wickedly covet in our neig house. Why not? Chiefly because sane, and because the healthy mind, tra teaching, experience, and exercise, norm jects dishonest, unsocial, and vicious imp noxious excrements. In short, our acts a by what we call our conscience.

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Or take the case of tobacco. In spite increase in taxation, the price of toba present is a public grievance. Everyone trade knows that it is too high. Everyon takes the trouble to watch the gigantic gro the wealth of the Tobacco Combine knows scandal. The share capital goes on swellin bonus shares and the unhappy smoker provi interest to enrich still further this gigantic c

DO not suppose that there is free comp because the great Tobacco Trust k number of smaller firms in the field. That i of the strategy. It throws dust in the eyes simple public. It gives them the impressi there is no monopoly and that the pric honest price. It is a magnificent blind.

This is going on all round. I might t case of bread, which is shamefully in ex what it ought to be; but leaving that aside moment let us turn to the case of milk. It to bread, perhaps the most important food people, especially of the children. The poo are the larger the part it plays relatively expenditure, for it is the first essential of l the child of the working man needs as mu

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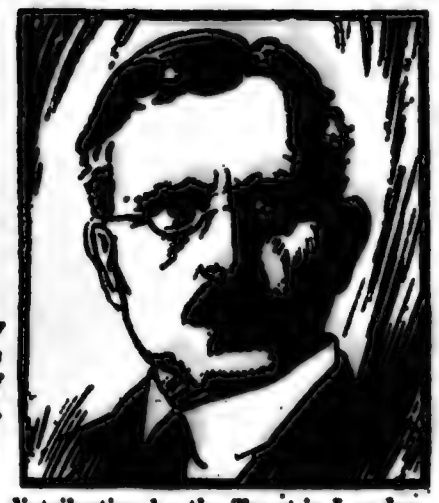
Great Milk Trust Exposed

by A. G. GARDINER

THIS is the age of Trusts and Monopolies. All the necessaries of life have been gathered and "cornered" by the few men who control our markets. The Octopus is amongst us, its tentacles squeezing out our blood—red as the wine at the shareholders' banquet.



Mr. A. G. Gardiner shows how Trusts affect the cost of living.

THE one visible result of the war so far has been the plunder of the consumer. Wherever you turn, the middleman and the trust are battening on the general public. The war taught them how to exploit the consumer, to put up prices and often to lower the quality, and the helpless public pays. We have seen how the great building rings have been able to run up the cost of houses until the artisan and the clerk can hardly afford to keep a roof over their heads.

Or take the case of tobacco. In spite of the increase in taxation, the price of tobacco at present is a public grievance. Everyone in the trade knows that it is too high. Everyone who takes the trouble to watch the gigantic growth of the wealth of the Tobacco Combine knows it is a scandal. The share capital goes on swelling with bonus shares and the unhappy smoker provides the interest to enrich still further this gigantic concern.

DO not suppose that there is free competition because the great Tobacco Trust leaves a number of smaller firms in the field. That is a part of the strategy. It throws dust in the eyes of the simple public. It gives them the impression that there is no monopoly and that the price is an honest price. It is a magnificent blind.

This is going on all round. I might take the case of bread, which is shamefully in excess of what it ought to be; but leaving that aside for the moment let us turn to the case of milk. It is, next to bread, perhaps the most important food of the people, especially of the children. The poorer you are the larger the part it plays relatively in your expenditure, for it is the first essential of life, and the child of the working man needs as much of it as the child of the millionaire. No one needs to be told that it is shamefully dear—7d. a quart in London, or 75 per cent. in excess of the price before the war.

HERE we are again in the presence of the Trust—the great United Dairies, Ltd., which sprang up towards the end of the war, which has a capital of some four millions sterling and which controls the distribution of milk in London and many other great centres of population. It has established an iron grip on the farmer on the one side and on the consumer on the other. Again, there is no monopoly in name. Many small distributing enterprises are outside the ring; but in effect the United Dairies holds the field.

It works through all sorts of subsidiary concerns which are a part of the system, but in the background is this great corporation, reaping its enormous profits, holding the farmer as its tied servant at the one end and fixing its own price to the consumer at the other.

It is not the farmer who gets the cream off the milk. It is the Trust. Let us see where that 7d. a quart you pay goes. The farmer produces it. He has to buy the cows, take the risks of losing them, feed them, milk them, deliver the milk at the station, where the Trust takes it over and distributes it. On the face of it, I think it will be agreed that the producer has the lion's share of the work and all the risk—risk from disease, bad weather, bad luck and so on.

HOW is the reward shared? I have consulted the best authorities available on the subject and venture to present the result as follows. I will take the case of one cow giving, say, 600 gallons of milk a year. The milk is sent by the farmer to the station for distribution by the Trust in London. The net return to the farmer would be 10d. per gallon, or a total for his 600 gallons during the year of £25. The charge made to the consumer in London for this milk would be £60. That is to say, for every £60 worth of milk consumed in London £25 would go to the producer and £35 to the distributor.

In some calculations the return to the farmer could be shown to be less; in other calculations more; but no calculation would show that he got even half of the receipts.

LET us take another example. United Dairies collect large quantities of milk direct from the farmers by their motors and despatch it to London through the local collecting centres. For such milk the farmer receives 7½d. per gallon and large quantities are sold to the consumer at 2s. On this milk the farmer receives in respect of the cow giving 600 gallons the sum of £18 15s. The consumer paid for it £60. Where does the balance go? The railway company at 1½d. per gallon receives £3 15s. and United Dairies takes the rest, £37 10s.

Do we need wonder any longer that the London householder has to pay a famine price for his milk, or that the United Dairies' shares stand at 34s., and are probably worth 40s., or that it pays 13 per cent. interest on its capital, or that the poor cowman who tends the cows seven days a week and is the chief producer of the commodity gets a wretched wage of 30s.? But this is not all. Will the United Dairies deny that the real dividend that is being paid is more like 20 per cent.?

And we are only at the beginning of this vast enterprise. The Combine is making its position impregnable, building up a great reserve fund and increasing its grip over the producer. London is its washpot, over all the Midlands and the South it has cast out its shoe. It can build up undisclosed profits, create reserve funds, distribute bonus shares and pursue the path customary in the case of these great monoplies.

WHAT should be done? The first thing is to turn the searchlight of publicity on this gigantic concern. The second is to compel the Government to adopt the recommendation of the recent Linlithgow inquiry that legislation should be passed requiring holding companies like the United Dairies to file at Somerset House returns showing the undisclosed facts of their finance.

The next is to raise the whole question in Parliament as a subject of urgent public concern. It is a farmers' question. It is a consumers' question. It is a question of national health. It is above all a children's question. I hope to return to it again.

[Since Mr. Gardiner wrote this article, further point is given to his argument by the official announcement that from Sunday last the price of milk in London and Home Counties has been raised another penny per quart. —Ed.]

Murder Made Easy!

by ALEXANDER M. THOMPSON

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t to extend their use, but only to insist that, if they must be used, they shall be applied with equal mercy or equal relentlessness to rich and poor, to the socially influential as to the outcasts of society.

"Uncontrollable impulses" in persons who are able to go about their daily business in a normal and rational way, afford no excuse for murder. As Mr. Cairns, the metropolitan magistrate, says in his latest book, "every man is a potential felon." You and I may have stolen apples from the farmer's orchard when we were boys, but we never think now of leaving our cosy firesides at nights to steal the first edition or the piece of china that we wickedly covet in our neighbour's house. Why not? Chiefly because we are sane, and because the healthy mind, trained by teaching, experience, and exercise, normally rejects dishonest, unsocial, and vicious impulses as noxious excrements. In short, our acts are ruled by what we call our conscience.

Unfortunately conscience is not an elemental universal attribute like a man's viscera or organs. Primary man has no natural bias towards goodness, beauty, truth, justice, honesty, or insuperable respect for the sancity of his neighbour's life. And in our complex civilisation—in our populous towns, in the brain-sapping hothouses of our fashionable superworld, numbers of these primary beings continue to sprout up, creatures of "uncontrollable impulses," slaves of unbridled elemental passions, potential criminals incapable of resistance to evil because of habitual surrender to it. Call their moral atrophy "mental disease" or "criminality," there is only one effective way of protecting society against its constant menace. In the absence of conscience, we must inevitably rely upon the moral persuasion of policeman, judge, and hangman.

Such criminals may be mad. They may be victims of evil environment. It is as far beyond the actual competence of human wisdom to decide when "mental disease in substance" deprives the criminal of "power to resist," as to judge the process of causes which have produced from a common ancestor the affectionate house-cat and the man-eating tiger.

But, recognising the difference in result, we pet the cat and shoot the tiger. That is, at the present stage of psychology, the limit of human justice.

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SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People
by HESKETH PEARSON

IT must be difficult to remain altogether civilised in the law courts. Life appears there at its seamiest. Everyone is out to "down" everyone else. Witnesses compete with one another in their efforts to perjure their souls. No sooner does a man—who, in his domestic circle, may be irreproachably honest—enter that atmosphere of conflicting testimony than, chameleon-like, he takes his colour from his surroundings and becomes an utterly untrustworthy citizen. With barristers to right of them and barristers to left of them, volleying and thundering, with a judge above them and a jury in front of them, the most innocent persons may be forgiven if their best friends do not recognise them during such an ordeal.

MOST justices become quite hardened as they watch the spectacle—year in, year out—of thousands of respectable human beings turning into knaves. Some of these justices grow cynical and try to light up the ghastly pageant with flashes of feeble humour. Others grow stern and vindictive and mouth out streams of moral platitudes. A few, a very few, retain possession of their souls and do their utmost to humanise the lethal effect of legal procedure.

Very conspicuous among these latter is Mr. Justice McCardie. He is (it sounds almost incredible) a lovable judge. He is also (the height of incredibility) an idealist. While still a young man he gave up an enormous practice for the Bench—and doesn't regret having done so. Though much poorer as a consequence he is far happier—because he is now in a position to help his fellow-man.

UNLIKE so many of his Bench-brethren, he never gives a judgment without the most anxious, conscience-searching forethought. He obtains every possible scrap of information at first hand and his verdict is never swayed by personal partiality. He is a keen student of sociology and loves nothing better than to let off steam over the anomalies and injustices of our social disorder.

Then, too, he doesn't permit his mind to lie fallow among the stale parchments of his own profession. He knows that a knowledge of mankind is more useful to a judge than a knowledge of statutes. And he has the sense to realise that half an hour with the masters of English literature can teach a man more about his kind than a year spent in the law courts. So he reads the masters; indeed he revels in them. He is not content to take them on trust. He knows them intimately and can quote from them both aptly and copiously. I don't think anyone will accuse me of a tendency to whitewash people. Rather the other way about, I fancy. But I must admit that I am inclined to lay on my praise with a trowel whenever I spot a man who rises above the accepted boundaries of his job and regards humanity, not as a field for his profession, but as the supreme object of his service—for which everything, from party to pension, should be willingly sacrificed.

Mr. Justice McCardie

THERE are few of these truly religious men in our public life—tragically few. But I am pretty certain that Mr. Justice McCardie is one of them.

Confessions of a Magistrate

by T. W. H. CROSLAND

CIVES magistratibus parent, magistratus legibus—which, as young Bert in the Sixth Standard at the L.C.C. schools can tell you, is the good old Latin for "Let the citizens obey the magistrates, the magistrates the laws."

If one wanted to put up an ideal for the magistrates of to-day, I suppose one could put it up in four brief words, to wit, "Let the citizens alone."

However, a real live metropolitan police magistrate, namely, Mr. J. A. R. Cairns of the Thames Police Court, has just published a book of recollections in which he says:

"Most of us have committed misdemeanours. I confess I have bought both cigarettes and chocolates after eight o'clock without a twinge of conscience. I have smoked in non-smoking compartments . . . and I have driven a motor-car without a licence in my pocket."

THIS obviously is more than shocking, and I can see the Robertos or Rossers of the Thames Division pondering it with a certain amazement, and even debating with themselves whether they ought not to "take steps."

It would be a pretty thing if we woke up one morning, and read in the papers that Mr. J. A. R. Cairns "described as a police magistrate," had appeared in his own Court to answer a summons or so for "misdemeanours" "on his own confession."

OPEN confession is understood to be good for the soul, but for myself I wouldn't confess that I had smoked in a Tube lift, partaken of a "binder" five minutes after closing time, or purchased pickles at a ham and beef shop at 11 o'clock in the evening, for all the money in the world—anyway not if I thought the police were likely to get wind of it.

Joking apart—as the Parliamentary candidate remarked when he wiped the egg off his face and proceeded to repeat what Mr. Gladstone said in 1867—I suppose Mr. Cairns is right when he asserts that most of us have already committed "misdemeanours," or what you might call petty breaches of the pettier class of laws.

Perhaps the new Parliament for which we shall all be voting on Thursday will find it in its heart to sweep away these ridiculous restrictions. A pledge that he will do his best to bring about that happy issue should be extracted from every candidate while there is yet time.

What is more, I shouldn't be a bit surprised to discover that thousands of our honestest citizens keep on committing these petty misdemeanours every day of their lives, and that not a single honest citizen of us all is in the slightest hurry to depart from the criminal path, especially as we now have it on record that at least one member of the magisterial bench appears to be as deep in the cigarettes and chocolates as we ourselves may or may not be in the "binders" and pickles.

Now why do magistrates and honest citizens take it upon themselves thus to defy the law? The answer is quite simple and it amounts to no more than this: The "law" involved ought not to be there. It is preposterous that a person requiring cigarettes or chocolates after 8 p.m. should be committing a sort of misdemeanour by purchasing them. It is preposterous that one should be committing a sort of misdemeanour by smoking in a non-smoking compartment if nobody else in the compartment objects, and it is preposterous that one should be committing a sort of misdemeanour by driving a motor-car without one's licence actually in one's pocket.

POSSIBLY it might be a sort of misdemeanour for me to tell you to defy preposterousness—even though by law established—with all your might and main. So I won't do it. But I know what *you* will continue to do

Amazing "Message" from Edith Thompson

by SYDNEY A. MOSELEY

(*Author of "An Amazing Séance," etc.*)

THE world learned with horror of the execution of Mrs. Edith Thompson. It will read with incredulity the extraordinary message which is said to have been sent by the dead woman to her mother. Our investigations into Spiritualism have produced this amazing document, and we print it here in full, well aware of the controversy that will rage around its publication.

THE whole country was aghast when the prostrate figure of Edith Thompson—found guilty with Bywaters of the Ilford murder—was borne to the scaffold.

What actually were the wretched woman's feelings when, hoping to the last, she learned that there was to be no reprieve for her, that she was to pay the extreme penalty at the hands of the hangman?

An exclamation of horror broke from the lips of every man and woman when the details of her last terrible hours leaked out. It was not that one thought her guilty or not guilty, or whether, whatever her moral offence, she was legally innocent of murder. The fact was that the condition of this dazed woman, medically treated, it is said, to help her in her last ordeal, was such that it could scarce fail to touch the human chords of sympathy.

* * *

How, then, did this woman pass into the Great Beyond? Nobody can tell, says the average man. The dead tell no tales.

And yet, within a few hours of her execution came an alleged message from this woman in the spirit world describing her state after death.

This message, which is here printed for the first time, is surely one of the most remarkable that has ever been claimed as genuine by spiritualists. Whether the reader who is yet to be converted to spiritualism believes it or not, it is nevertheless of challenging interest—in addition to the fact that at the present moment the whole claims of the spiritualistic doctrine hang in the balance.

It does seem almost too much for the mind to grasp—that it is possible for a woman whose fate stirred the whole world, to be able to return to earth before the sobbing of her friends had ceased, and describe her transition from this world to the other plane. And in doing so to announce the extraordinary fact that she is "very, very happy."

* * *

Edith Thompson's message to her mother was dictated through the medium on the day of her execution; four and a half hours later to be exact. At the time the medium received it she had no instructions as to how it was to be dealt with. She claims that last week she received an injunction from the spirit world to forward it to JOHN BULL.

* * *

This is the amazing message, which I give exactly as it was received:

"DEAR MOTHER,—I'm so happy. Oh, so very happy. Please don't you worry dear, but believe my message, which I cannot give to you myself, for I cannot yet speak with my one-time or earthly voice; but it is my mind that conveys what I should on earth have said, when I was able to speak as mortals speak.

"I have spoken to our loving friend—one who understands, and, mother, it is just beautiful to be loved, and really, really understood (or understand—not sure of last word).

"Just before I left my cell, 'something' came, it just came—and I knew 'it' was sent to help and comfort me.

"I could sense, though I knew scarcely anything except agony of thought and mind, and oh!—but,

Mrs. Edith Thompson, who, with Frederick Bywaters, was executed in connection with the death of Mr. Thompson.

darling mother, it is past, and I suppose I have gone through death, or what mortals call death, and now I am *very, very* tired—not earthly tired, but some other tired.

"My earth spirit-friend—to whom I may speak for a time, will write for me and I shall be allowed to speak to her sometimes—but now, my own mother, I'm very tired—but I am so happy—so far away it seems—four and a half hours—I have been what you term dead.

"Mother, I have had such a rest—round and round and round I went in what seemed to be a gigantic circle. The instant my spirit left my body—my spirit-friend was there—and, mother dear, her great love remained and held me up . . . up.

"Some day you, too, will understand—for to understand is to forgive—*and* to love—on earth I never met my new-found friend, but she has been with me in spirit for a long, long time—ever since the great trouble commenced—and although fast asleep on earth in body—yet was permitted to be with me in spirit my last physical night on earth.

"She, too, suffered, and she it is who prayed for me, along with a companion spirit, a little child, pure in heart and the most beautiful child imaginable."

Without presuming to pass judgment on this strange document, I should nevertheless like to ask the uncompromising sceptic what possible reasons there could be on the part of the lady who has passed on this message to me, to have invented it.

In the first place, she has expressed a wish to remain anonymous, so that the charge of notoriety may be put aside; secondly, she makes no material benefit from its publication; and lastly, she is not a professional spiritualist.

To quote her letter to me: "Although I have frequently received messages I have *never* as yet handed on any message to any living person except once, verbally. I am not connected with, or acquainted with any spiritualist or persons who advertise."

* * *

Coincidentally enough there comes from another correspondent an account of the visit of Bywaters—Mrs. Thompson's accomplice—to a meeting of spiritualists. And I notice that a Lincolnshire rector states "for a fact" that Bywaters appeared at a séance in a very distressed state asking for help.

Anticipating the storm of controversy that is bound to arise as to the genuineness or otherwise of the message alleged to have been received from Mrs. Thompson, I would like to meet one or two objections. Spiritualists affirm that such messages are not at all out of the ordinary. They do not appear to realise that to the unbeliever it not only seems impossible but sacrilegious.

Those spiritualists, then, who are inclined to take these messages for granted, should think a little more of the feelings of those who have yet to be converted to their cause. My experiences during this intensely interesting investigation have shown me how necessary it is to take nothing for granted—not even the good will of spiritualists.

* * *

I imagined when I set out on my self-appointed task that spiritualists would be amongst the first to come forward openly and whole-heartedly. They did send me an invitation to be present at the spiritualist rally at Queen's Hall, and I was certainly impressed with the large audience.

I was equally surprised to find little or no mention of this public event in the general Press. So that when Sir Arthur Conan Doyle wrote to me commenting bitterly on the lack of notice on the part of the Press, I fully sympathised with him.

But I wish to say this to him and his supporters in general: Theorising and dogmatising are not enough to warrant big space being given to spiritualists; *we must have proof.* By what I regard as an excellent instance of fair play, JOHN BULL has given every opportunity to official spiritualists to prove their case. I know of no other instance in journalism where the editorial policy in regard to this subject has been so open-minded.

All the offers of tests which I have received are unofficial, as was the trumpet séance which I recently described. Apparently what was required of me was to go and be converted straight away. The fact that I am conducting this investigation critically doesn't seem to suit the spiritualist book.

* * *

The gentleman who was responsible for the trumpet séance is good enough to say that my criticisms were fair, and that having said I was not satisfied I might have been more hostile. So I might have been had the occasion warranted it.

As it is, I am open to conviction. It is not enough for the medium or his friend to give me the points that *they* thought were convincing. I am told that at a subsequent sitting the spirit guide said that the reason why he would not tell me the time by my watch was because (I quote the words given me) "We do not fall into traps so easily."

Can you beat that? I ask in all sincerity for a sign that what I am witnessing is influenced by some abnormal power. The "Guide" agrees to give me this sign, and when I proceed to put the question he shuts up shop and declares it is a trap.

* * *

I wonder if spiritualists realise the grave necessity that devolves upon them to prove their case. I will give an illustration of what I mean. I have received a letter from Mr. E. N. Ashton, the brother of one of the "spirits" who was alleged to have said that since passing over he had realised that his beliefs against spiritualism were unfounded.

He naturally protests against the attempt "to throw doubt and contradiction on what were well known to be my brother's considered opinions in relation to the whole of this question." Mr. Ashton does what so many critics are doing to-day; he throws doubt upon "supposed conversation" which is "not supported by any proof of its authenticity."

* * *

Let me tell my spiritualistic friends in all sincerity that this take-it-for-granted attitude and airy assumption that spiritualism is so far proved as to render doubts impossible, will not do, and that unless they are willing and anxious to offer a straightforward test, the millions to whom they appeal will draw their own serious conclusions.

And then we will have to look into spiritualism from another angle.

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Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. Correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the letters printed on this page.

A Daughter's Career

"AS a High School mistress I love my work. I live with my mother, who is a widow, and delicate, and one brother—the other having been killed in the war. My mother is devoted to my brother, who has recently married, and gone to the north of England to live, and now that the excitement of the wedding preparations is over, she is beginning to feel lonely.

"She does not actually suggest that I shall give up my post and stay at home with her, but I know from the hints she lets fall that this is what she would like me to do.

"My father left her quite well provided for, and she would no doubt make me an allowance, so you will see it is not the financial side of the matter which is troubling me.

"My difficulty is that, fond as I am of my mother, I do not feel that I am fitted to look after a semi-invalid. My heart is in my profession, and I am considered a thoroughly successful schoolmistress. Yet the pathetic way in which my mother looks at me when she sees my eagerness to leave home each morning for my school rather troubles my conscience, and I wonder whether, after all, I ought not to consider her wishes first."

"Humanist" says:—*Stick to your profession. Your mother is provided for, and the elder generation ought not to demand undue sacrifices from the younger. What would be your position if, after you had abandoned your profession, your mother died?*

The False Friends

"SEVERAL years ago my husband and several young men friends used to have a nightly spree which consisted of breaking into a wine and spirit stores (a very great friend of his father's and bringing the wine etc., into his father's, workshop to drink whilst playing cards.

"They used to take it in turns in getting the wine. One night it was my husband's turn and there was a policeman secreted in the store, who arrested him. He acted manly and would not give the names of his accomplices. He was brought up for trial and let out on bail with two sureties for £100 each. While out on bail his friends said that if he would leave the country and not "split on them" they would give him his fare and look after me and the children (two living and one I was expecting), and when things were quiet they would send me to him.

"While they were making these arrangements my husband had a gentleman secreted in the workshop who heard all that passed between them. Well, he went to America and his father and another friend had to pay his bail. He has been gone for some years and he has repeatedly written to his chums to keep their promise and find the money for me and the three children to go to him.

"But they only ignore his letters, knowing he is afraid to come back. His chums are all in a very good position and could easily send me to him. Now my husband is not doing very well and he wants to see me and the children and he says he will chance all and come back and expose them.

"It is very hard for us both, and I should like you to advise him what is best to do, as this is a very miserable life for him and me. I live with his parents and they do not know that I know where he is."

"Humanist" says: *My advice to your husband would be to come back and face the music. He won't get anything but a nominal punishment and he will have you and the children to console him. As to the false friends—forget them—the only thing to do with people like that.*

At the Cross Roads

"WHEN my father's death left me to fend for myself in the world, it turned out that his business was heavily mortgaged, and after all dues had been cleared off I was left almost penniless. Like many another poor girl has done before I turned to the metropolis, hoping to earn my living there.

"The City people proved no philanthropists so far as I was concerned, for my lack of training and experience in business brought me to the verge of starvation. In my hunger, misery and despair I drifted into the easy path.

"I am now only twenty-three and in spite of my recent loose life the fingers of Time have left little trace on my youthful appearance.

"A month ago I got an invitation to spend a week's holiday at the home of a girl friend, now happily married, near my old home. There was at the house at the time of my visit a young curate, handsome, of good family and of high principle. He fell in love with me the very first week we met, and our match-making hostess has contrived to prolong our holiday till now, three weeks beyond its intended limits.

"My clerical lover is pressing me to become engaged and I must confess I am deeply tempted to become his affianced wife. No one suspects me of my recent lapses, and I feel sure my secret will never be revealed. Yet I feel a miserable reluctance to give to this good upright man such tainted goods as I myself am."

"Humanist" says:—*If you really wish to be a good woman, I feel that you ought not to deprive yourself of the chance. But the way of the transgressor is hard. You must tell all to your lover. If he believes in the forgiveness of sins he may help you to the way of honour again. If he cannot, you at least have done the right thing, and I set that against the past.*

Longing for a Home

"I AM a tramp, a wanderer of the highway, getting a living by begging my bread from door to door. I have myself alone to blame. Five years ago I was a gentleman, with a large fortune inherited from my father. I was brought up in surroundings of ease and comfort. An expensive private school, and later a famous university gave me their learning, but although I can still quote from the Classics, I have not the faintest idea of any branch of life's side-business.

"When my father died I went through my money as if it were as valuable as sea-water. Gambling, expensive banquets, drink and satellite friends soon drained me dry.

"The process of drift to my present condition was slow but sure, and now I have almost given up attempts to remedy my circumstances. Why should I? There is an inconceivable charm in the fresh air of the countryside, and in the freedom of Nature, and people in their kindness are always ready to feed the needy.

"Yet sometimes I possess some degree of self-respect and long for the finer living and culture of civilisation. The hardships of rain, frost, snow and sun, inured as I am to them all, leave me untouched. But the inner ego calls out that I am not too far gone, that I have still a chance to recover my manliness and to quit this state of bestiality. The craving for a home and friends is not dead. Would a retrieving effort be worth the while?"

"Humanist" says:—*The answer is simple. It is never too late to mend, and it is always worth while. Leave tramping to those who can do nothing else. What is life if a man does not make the best of it and himself? He lives twice who lives well.*

Spying on a Girl

"ONE of my fellow-workers in a big provincial drapery store is under suspicion of stealing goods—imitation jewellery, and things like that. I know she is a good girl, and absolutely honest. Now a new assistant has been set to watch her.

"I know this, because I am a typist in the manager's office. I suspect somebody else, who is friendly (I think too friendly) with the manager. Ought I to warn my friend? I don't like to, because the information came to me confidentially. Yet I am afraid of a trap being laid which would ruin her. She is engaged to be married to the buyer of her department."

"Humanist" says:—*You cannot divulge confidential information. But you can discuss with your friend, who must know that goods have been missed, the general question of how best to act to safeguard herself against unfair suspicion. Tell her to talk the position over with her fiance. He ought to be able to keep her right, and lay the trap for the real offender.*

The Betting Shop.

"I assist in a provision shop. My employer wants me to take bets from customers. I am afraid to do so, but if I don't I shall be sacked."

Get another job—you will never have a future in that kind of place.

Home or Career.

"I am making a hard struggle to take a degree. My parents have suddenly become financially embarrassed. They want me to 'carry on.' I feel I should go home and work to help them."

Stay where you are: it is your parents' wish and your duty. In the long run you will help best by making your career a success.

The Stockbroker's Clerk.

"A clerk in a stockbroker's office, I have been asked to get my friends to invest money in a Canadian mine which I suspect is not all it is described. Ought I to do it?"

Certainly not. As adviser to your friends you are in a position of trust. No decent stockbroker would press his clerk to find him clients for dubious shares.

An Anonymous Letter.

"A week ago I received an anonymous letter containing a £1 note and a message saying that the writer hoped to meet me again soon and have a good time. It was signed 'I wonder.' I am a married woman with five children and I have no idea who sent the letter. What can I do?"

Show the letter to your husband. Then go out with him and spend the £1. People who write anonymous letters deserve no consideration.

For the Child's Sake.

My daughter, aged 14, is weak and delicate, and would thrive better in a warm climate. I have been offered a job in South Africa, but it is not so good as my present one, and I cannot bear the heat. My wife and I do not know what to do, and leave ourselves in your hands."

If you can possibly afford to send your daughter away to school in Switzerland or Italy for a few years until she is strong, that is the best solution. If not, go to South Africa. Self-denial is the greatest, because the most difficult, of all the virtues.

The Quality of Mercy.

"While in a poorly paid position I committed a series of undiscovered petty thefts. Now I have a good post and it is part of my duty to deal with cases of petty theft. I feel like Judas, but I cannot pay back the money I stole without being found out and dismissed. Ought I to judge others who have sinned?"

Yes. You know what temptation is, and can season justice with mercy. You cannot return the money you stole, it is true, but are there no charities? Pay tenfold, and live in peace.

Doubting Thomas.

"I hold a curacy in the Church of England and I am beginning to feel unconvinced about certain doctrines. If I resign, I starve. And perhaps I may again be fully persuaded of the truth of these doctrines."

If you are not sure that you may not be ultimately convinced, you may honourably stay on through your period of honest doubt. It is only when you are thoroughly convinced that you ought to resign. But try to resolve your doubts. They must handicap your efficiency.

A Reckless Promise.

"When I was in a Borstal institution I chummed up with another boy, and we agreed that whoever was released first should help the other to escape. I am free now. Shall I keep my promise, though I know it to be wrong, or shall I break it and be called a rotter by my friend?"

A promise to break the law is not a binding promise. It would be madness to connive at your friend's escape. Far better wait until he is released, and then try to help him. If he is angry with you, show him this

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

A Spanish Prisoner

by Harrison Owen

SPURRED, cock-hatted and with his sword clanking at his side, General Primo de Rivera, Premier of Spain, on entering the dock, frowned commandingly at the jury as though expecting them to spring to attention

The General was charged with exceeding the diplomatic speed limit at Naples on November 27. When asked how he pleaded he announced that he did not acknowledge the jurisdiction of a civil court.

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., representing the League of Nations, said he wished to put in as an exhibit a copy of *Mattino*, a newspaper published in Naples, in which would be found an interview with the accused.

In this interview the General discussed the possibilities of an Italo-Spanish rapprochement and declared: "My Government will turn their attention to the production of war material as soon as possible; also to the reorganisation of private industry, so as to be able to transport it into a war industry should the necessity arise. We plan soon to organise a powerful Air Force. We have made an agreement with the Italian Government to this effect, as Italy constructs excellent aircraft."

"THESE remarks," said Mr. Watchdog, "may not have been intended to carry the strong, Spanish onion-like odour which emanates from them when they are reproduced in cold print; but in view of the far-reaching implications which are likely to be read into them, I submit that they should never have been uttered. It is only a little more than two months since General de Rivera became Premier of Spain, and we scarcely expected he would proceed so soon to give vent to his martial ardour.

"The question of an alliance between the Latin nations has been frequently hinted at, but for a Premier who has been in office only a couple of months to talk of such an alliance, is distinctly a breach of the international speed limit always observed by cautious diplomatists. The last war in which Spain engaged, the Morocco campaign of 1921-2, was scarcely of a nature to encourage fresh warlike enterprise on her part. On this occasion she had the greatest difficulty in raising a fighting force and was reduced to canvassing among our own unfortunate unemployed for recruits to the Spanish Foreign Legion. The memory of this unhappy affair should cause the accused to think twice before contemplating any fresh military adventures.

MR. STRAWSPLITTER, for the defence, urged that as his client was new to the job of governing a peaceful country and had all his life been associated with military affairs, his remarks should not be taken too seriously. The Spaniards knew their Premier rather fancied himself as a minor Mussolini and were aware of his tendency to strut about singing, "I am the Banderillero," but if it came to any question of forming war-like alliances, the good sense of a people who had made a national hero of Ibanez, whose "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" was one of the most powerful indictments of war ever penned, could be trusted to frustrate any rash actions.

The jury returned a verdict of "Guilty."

Mr. Justice Bull said he was prepared to accept the explanation of counsel for the defence that his client had been talking through his sombrero. He did not wish to make a Spanish prisoner of the General, as there was important work for him to do in Spain, where Separatism still flourished and discontent was rife. If the General gave the Court his assurance that he would not indulge in language calculated to provoke a breach of the peace he would be treated as a first offender and bound over to be of good behaviour for the term of his political life.

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE" (advert.): — "Experienced children's nurse, for one BABY; AGE 39; reference required."

"BIRMINGHAM EVENING DISPATCH": —"The latter bolted, and witness saw him get through the scullery window, run along the garden and CLIMB A WOODEN FIELD."

"PEG'S PAPER":—"Mary Merton was poor, being the ONLY CHILD of a widowed mother, and all her salary went towards helping to make a home for her YOUNGER BROTHERS AND SISTERS."

"DAILY NEWS":—"The Brentford players will not make the mistake of under-estimating the merits of an ambitious team who have EVERYTHING TO WIN AND NOTHING TO GAIN."

"DAILY CHRONICLE":—"The bride wore a becoming brown and gold brocade cloche hat, SURROUNDED WITH PARADINE, and a beige georgette gown."

"WOKING NEWS AND MAIL":—"Freehold building land in CONVENIENT SMALL PLOTS, suitable for the erection of artisans' dwellings."

"BOYS' REALM":—"In front of the crowd, RUNNING SWIFTLY, STAGGERED a solitary man."

"GLASGOW EASTERN ARGUS":—"SPACE PERMITS US to describe both of these plays, and THEREFORE WE WILL LIMIT OURSELVES to a description of the more humorous piece."

"NEWS OF THE WORLD":—"The thief, or thieves, also took some TREASURY NOTES and OTHER JEWELS."

CARTOONETTES

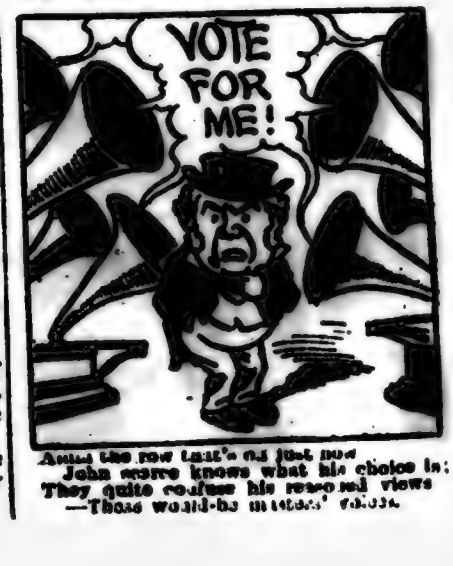
and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

Altho' one knows they're bitter foes,
One virtue they've all got:
For all the three, undoubtedly,
Are an aw'fly "promising" lot.

They claim that the U.S.A.
The Demon Drink is dead;
But Dope of every kind to-day
Is reigning in its stead.

Some say that we should stand by France;
But those who clamour thus
Forget that there's an equal chance
For France to stand by us.



Altho' the new Lord's not just now
John Bull knows what his choice is:
They quite confuse his reasoned views
—Those would-be [illegible]

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THE real jumpers at this season of the year are the hearts of optimistic punters who, going on the theory that favourites *always* win at the opening of the season, have done in the money they didn't lose at Manchester on the last day of the flat.

No Gimcrack for Derby.

It is bad luck Lord Derby being absent from the Gimcrack festival. But he is so fairly set going in the political steeplechase that he's probably jumped big over the York hurdles. A good fellow—I'd like to reprint what he once said about politicians. But I dursent!

"The Speech."

As Lord Derby was not present at the Gimcrack Dinner Mr. Stobart deputised. And Mr. Stobart performed the old trick of putting up an argument of somebody else's in order to demolish it. "The papers had been advocating stipendiary stewards very strongly during the past season." What papers? He also remarked that the difficulties of a steward are "appalling." Twiff! I have met few stewards who didn't look upon it as a picnic.

There are a few stewards who fuss around importantly and display themselves to the crowd on every conceivable occasion, but it is not their duties that they are taking seriously. It is themselves.

Advice.

"You ask my advice about finding winners over the jumps?" said the Epsom trainer. "Well, I can only tell you to watch the market very closely, find out what they are coming for, and then go and have a drink until the race is over. Believe me, you'll save money!"

UP IN THE AIR.

Up in the air the fat horses jump,
Down on the ground they fall with a thump.
The poor little punter goes off with the hump
In weeping despair.

Up in the air goes our money in style
The stone certain favourite's beaten a mile,
If only the stewards would, once in a while,
Go up in the air!

A Good Motto for Epinard.

I see one of the French papers suggests that Epinard be nationalised to the extent of having the motto of France carved on his box. I can't see the application. If they want a motto I'll present them with one:

CRESCIT SUB PONDERE VIRTUS

("His virtues increase with his burdens.") In other words, the more weight he gets, the faster he hops it.

A Feeble Jest.

"You may think what you like," said a trainer friend of mine, "but I had a two-year-old this season that went as fast as Mumtaz Mahal! I'll betcher? He went down to Newmarket on the same horse special!"

My Winter Tip.

My winter tip for the Derby is: back your fancy S.P. If Diophon wins, I shall lose. My own opinion of this animal is that he isn't too generous. I'd sooner back Mumtaz.

No Balance Sheet.

No, several correspondents, I will not publish a detailed balance sheet showing what profits accrued from my Mass Selections. I know a man who bought a horse on his profits. In the kindness of his heart he sent me a box of cigars. He said he didn't know much about cigars. I believe him. Soaked in water, they'll be fine for spraying the rose-bushes round about Ascot time.

Sports and by ROWLEY

Spring Handicaps.

Ninety-nine people out of a hundred are under the impression that the entries for the Spring handicaps are made sometime in January—they are, in fact, made at the end of this month and I know at least two trainers who are preparing for the campaign at this moment. Do not be surprised to find an Irish horse start a hot favourite and win.

Tishy.

It was inevitable that Tishy should appear in the election speeches. Tishy was a very ill-used filly and maligned. I see one labour man says that Tishy never won a race until Tom Webster cartooned her. She won an £800 Plate in 1921.

Personally, horses are so human to me that I never see one of Webster's "In Memoriam" notes about Abe Bailey's filly without a little twinge.

They Tell Me That:

The biggest coup of the year came unglued on the last day of the flat racing. The Irish had brought over a certainty.

A scheme has been put up to transfer a certain metropolitan meeting to Wembley Park.

The proposal to hold an International race at Ascot has been coldly received, though it has not yet been brought officially to the notice of the Jockey Club.

First Magic.

All things considered, the jumping season has opened very well. Readers will remember that from the very start I have put up First Magic as a certain winner—under the other rules. This is a useful fellow who could have won races on the flat if he had been got right in the summer. He may be a smasher.

Shaun!

And don't forget that Shaun Spadah is back in his best form. We may hear a lot about him when the National weights come out.

"Sammy."

I saw Sir Samuel Scott the other day—electioneering in a mild way. Sammy Scott used to be member for Marylebone, now the seat of the Attorney-General, and he was doing his best to help along his success. Somebody told me that he was retiring from the Turf—which, as Euclid says, is twiff. Sir Samuel is a very fine type of patrician patron. He couldn't keep away from racing.

JUMPERS TO NOTE.

SPRIG.—Having already won his spurs over hurdles, this horse has recently had his attention turned to the bigger obstacles As he is none too sound, an endeavour will probably be made to win a race with him early in the campaign.

* * *

RUGELEY.—Of no use on the flat, owing to his rooted aversion to "the gate," this colt's attention is being turned to the jumping business. He is said to shape well.

* * *

TOM CROW.—A half-brother to the crack sprinter, Crowdennis, this young 'chaser is thought a lot of by the Irishmen. He can scarcely fail to pay his way in this country.

* * *

RED CONRAD.—When narrowly beaten by Dorado at Birmingham this horse carried a lot of stable money. He may make amends for that defeat next time out.

MAJOR.—This filly, who on the flat used to carry the time-honoured colours of Lord Durham, has taken very kindly to the jumping business, and is not unlikely to prove a top-sawyer over hurdles.

* * *

BEGGAR'S END.—No animal at Michel Grove has "summered" better than this horse, who is simply bound to win races this winter. His best course, perhaps, is two miles and a half.

* * *

STUFF GOWN.—This colt ran well enough at Birmingham on his first appearance over timber to suggest that he will win in his turn. He not only jumps well, but possesses a good turn of speed.

* * *

TULLYLOST.—Poole has few more promising 'chasers in his stable than this young Irishman, who is tolerably certain to more than pay his way in this country.

ROWLEY MILESTONES

Bonne Race, who last season was such a failure on the flat, is one of the most recent additions to the ranks of the "Timber-Toppers."

* * *

The Birmingham winner, James Pigg, was purchased by Mr. Corrigan almost solely with a view to the Grand National.

* * *

We shall probably see another member of the Morgan family ever "the sticks" this winter, allusion being made to Master "Tommy" of that ilk. Owing to increasing weight the lad gets few opportunities of distinction on the flat and is anxious to try his hand at the "illegitimate" game.

* * *

As showing the luck which is incidental to the jumping business, it is worthy of notice that J. Regan, who is quite at the top of the tree among cross-country horsemen, is likewise just about the champion "tumbler."

* * *

Not for many years have there been so many jumpers in training at Newmarket as at the present time. Something like four score horses of one sort or another are being "schooled" at the Turf headquarters.

The Ball Game

THERE will be a fair proportion of home winners this week-end in First Division games. Cardiff seem pretty certain to beat Notts Forest, and I shall expect Liverpool to overcome Sheffield United, although they will have some trouble in doing so. Chelsea are not much of a side, but they are better than Preston North End. While others who should collect home points are Blackburn Rovers, Huddersfield, Newcastle and Notts County. I am going to give the Spurs to win at West Bromwich, despite the "Throstles" revival, and now that Middlesborough have lost Wilson the Villa are quite likely to beat them up North. Everton should get a point at Birmingham, but West Ham will do well to prevent Bolton taking two away from Upton Park.

Division II. Prospects.

There seem also to be a couple of away winners in the Second Division These are Derby County, even if their opponents, the Palace, are improving, and Barnsley, who have not a lot to do to beat Port Vale. Soft tasks are in front of Southampton and Bury, and other home winners should be Clapton Orient, Hull City, Manchester United, Oldham and South Shields. Most people will expect Fulham to fail at Blackpool, but I think the Londoners, now that they are scoring goals, will gain a point. Another probable draw is Wednesday v. Stoke.

Over the Border.

In the Scottish League Queen's Park are not likely to stop the progress of the Rangers. Home wins can also be predicted for Dundee, Falkirk, Hearts

Sportsmen

MILE

Morton and Raith Rovers. Visiting teams with the most chance of victory are Celtic and Motherwell, but I cannot separate Clyde and Ayr, nor Hamilton and St. Mirren.

Raith on Trial.

In the light of Millwall's offer to purchase en bloc the forward line of Raith Rovers, it will be interesting to see how these players shape against the Rangers defence next week. I do not for a moment suppose the Scottish club will entertain the proposal in its entirety, but should the Raith forwards get a goal or two against their powerful opponents, their relative value would be arrived at. It is not a far step from the suggested purchase of a forward line to that of a whole team, and if the F.A. has any new ideas on the inflated price of players, etc., an appropriate moment seems to have arrived to air them.

Forest Should Improve.

Now that Morgan is back in the team Notts Forest ought to be getting a few badly needed points. During his absence the path to the Forest goal has not been a difficult one, and he will stiffen up the defence. I have only seen Morgan twice, but he struck me as being nearly as good centre-half in the senior division.

Wolves "Come Back."

I am glad to see Wolverhampton Wanderers making a great struggle to recover their old position in the game. It's a long way back to the First Division, but the Wolves will have accomplished half the journey if they win the championship of their section in Division III., which they will do if they can keep up their present form. Stan Fazackerley seems to have done more than a bit in the reformation of the Black Country team. There will be a real local Derby when the Wolves meet Walsall next week, and if they can pick up a point it will be very useful to them.

Dangerous Derby.

Derby County have got one of the most dangerous forward lines in the country, and not a little of its effectiveness is due to Storer, who is playing very fine football at inside left. When last I saw the County, Storer was operating at half-back, but he dribbled so well that his real position obviously was his present one. Derby have been averaging a couple of goals a match, and there are only a few teams capable of that.

Breezy Brighton

Congratulations to the Brighton management on the excellent football their lads are playing. I paid a visit to Hove to see them meet Swansea, and not since the war have I seen a forward line so attractive as that of Brighton, and this against a side who had conceded less than a goal a match. The Brighton style is straight for goal and passing on the run, and this still beats any other method when it is properly played. I am probably not exaggerating when I say Neil is one of the six best inside rights in the country. Swansea must think so.

Cup Survivers.

In another week or so we shall know which of the teams who have had to play in the qualifying rounds of the English Cup will go into the hat—or rather the black bag which is used for the draw—as participants in the first round proper, which, it may be of interest to add, will be played on January 12. There are still a few "funny" teams among the survivers and no doubt two or three of them will be in the twelve which the final qualifying round will leave to join the fifty-two exempted clubs.

Worth Knowing.

The Commission which was appointed, as a result of the Cup-final fiasco, to consider the question of handling crowds has got so enthusiastic over its job that it has plans for the improvement of the Epsom and Ascot traffic. Ascot can look after itself, but if Mr. E. Shortt, K.C., and his colleagues can inform us how to get from Banstead Downs to the Epsom grand stand next Derby day under a couple of hours we shall be persuaded to the conclusion that a little more public money has not been wasted.

Only Half-British.

We should like to see a little more native talent in the highly successful Oxford rugby team than there is. Rhodes Scholars and others from the Dominions have equal claims to a Blue, but the presence of half-a-dozen South Africans and Australasians, to say nothing of a couple of Americans, does not agree with our sense of proportion. All the more credit to Cambridge if they upset the odds in the inter-varsity match at Twickenham next week.

Dissatisfied Scots.

I take it that the reason why fewer Scots come south than at one time is that English football does not exactly get a good advertisement from Scots who are at present in this country. The average Scotsman is not as a rule seriously affected by home-sickness so long as he is collecting the shekels, but I hear of at least half-a-dozen big players who would be only too pleased to recross the Border if only their clubs would let them do so. Any amount of English managers have been up North lately searching for good men, but the prices that are still being asked frighten most of them South again.

FORECASTS FOR DEC. 15.

THE LEAGUE—DIV. I.
Home Winners.
*Bolton, *Burnley, Manchester C., *Spurs, W. Bromwich, *Sunderland.
Draws.
*Arsenal v. Huddersfield, Liverpool v. Cardiff, Notts F. v. West Ham, Preston v. Middlesbro', Sheffield U. v. Aston Villa.

THE LEAGUE — DIV. II.
Home Winners.
*Barnsley, Bristol C., Crystal Palace, Derby C., *Fulham, *Leeds U., *Leicester
Away Winners.
*Manchester U., Clapton O.
Draws.
Coventry v. Stoke, *Southampton v. S. Shields.

THE LEAGUE—DIV. III. (SOUTHERN).
Home Winners.
Exeter, Gillingham, *Luton, Millwall, *Northampton, *Queen's Park R., Swindon.
Away Winners.
*Portsmouth, *Brighton.
Draw.
*Newport v. Plymouth.

THE LEAGUE—DIV. III. (NORTHERN).
Home Winners.
*Accrington, *Rochdale, *Rotherham, *Wrexham.
Away Winners.
Wigan, *Wolverhampton W.
Draws.
Bradford v. Chesterfield, Doncaster v. Durham, Southport v. Darlington.
[NOTE.—A few of the Third League fixtures will be cancelled by F.A. Cup-ties.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
Home Winners.
Aberdeen, *Celtic, Hamilton A., *Hibernians, Partick T., St. Mirren.
Away Winners.
*Dundee, *Airdrieonians.
Draws.
Morton v. 3rd Lanark, *Raith R. v. Rangers.
[For coupon purposes nap selections are marked with an asterisk.]

THE FEET OF CLAY.

THE Spurs' manager has made many outside purchases, and among his bargains is Tom Clay.

Singularly enough it was while the Spurs forwards were scoring five goals against Clay and the rest of the Leicester City defence that Peter McWilliam became impressed with Clay and a transfer from the Midland club was the result.

Clay has played for England against Wales and with a little luck would have got a cap for the Scottish match. There were no better right backs in the country two seasons ago, even if Clay has since gone off a trifle.

This clean-limbed defender is of the polished and not the vigorous type. Perhaps he is not a great tackler, but he is a master of position, and therefore he no doubt has to clear in a hurry that he is often an extra half-back owing to his cleverness in placing to his forwards, the ball being kept just low enough to miss opponents.

Clay is wonderful as a volleyer, and if there is another speciality in his kicking it is his ability to keep the ball in play, however difficult the angle.

Despite that unfortunate cup-tie goal Clay says the Villa are his favourite opponents.

Like so many other pros, Clay is a good cricketer—in fact, very nearly first-class.

BOXING.

Million-Dollar Dempsey.

I see that Kearn is making a million dollars for Dempsey's next fight, and I observe that the *Sporting Life* deplores that such things should be. A writer in that journal suggests that the law should step in and prevent the big purse being paid, but it seems to me that if Dempsey or any other man attracts a two-million-dollar gate, he is entitled to his big share of it. The public is responsible, just as the public is responsible for the big salaries that any stage actor draws.

And Why Not?

If my articles in JOHN BULL added a million to the circulation (the actual number I have added is a little less than this figure) I should be entitled to a big share of the additional profit. If Clara Butt draws a £5,000 house she is entitled to a commensurate fee. The value of a boxing purse must obviously be governed by the amount of money the principal boxer pulls.

Even The Bull fights!

In Spain a popular matador will fill the arena—the bull-fight managers engage and pay their star turns according to their drawing-power. And so it is in every professional sport. The law that determines a boxer's remuneration is that which holds in other branches of entertainment.

Fiascos and Fiasco.

But what the sporting public does object to is to be lured to a hall in which the fight of the season has been advertised to take place to find that they have been asked to pay an enormous fee to witness a fiasco. There have been so many of the latter recently. The fact of the matter is that boxing, as we once knew it, has ceased to be. Present day "fighters" seem to know very little of the "art." They prefer to hug an opponent for half the round and push him about during the other half.

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Continued from page 5.

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Sins of the Dancing Halls

Our Readers Air Their Views o[illegible]is and Other Subjects

Tell Her at Twilight.

In reply to your correspondent, "No Dancer," I would like to state my case. My dancing partner, my junior by six years, is also my sweetheart, and I first met her at a dance in the company of her mother. I am not going to say it was love at first sight, but I was instinctively drawn to her. My sincere hope is that I shall at some future date become both life and dancing partner to her.—*Peter, Sheffield.*

Let Joy be Unrefined!

Your reader is quite right. Nothing, I consider, is more harmful or dangerous than the present-day dancing craze. There is no grace in dancing now at all. It consists merely of doing publicly what young lovers used to do shyly in private! Instead of doing graceful motions, they merely hug and slop over one another to music! A more strict eye should be kept on our dancing halls.—*T. W. Blair, Eastbourne.*

Oh, that Dreamy Waltz!

Dancing, in my opinion, is one of the most delightful pastimes in which one can indulge, and is at the same time the best exercise for the making of a graceful figure. Who can resist the strains of a dreamy waltz and the sight of a perfect floor? Oh, yes, the dancing season is for me the most alluring, and I spend many a night partaking of its pleasures when I would otherwise be less happily engaged.—"*Flapper,*" *Dundee.*

At the DEVIL'S Ball.

I cannot approve of the way the modern dancing craze has completely overwhelmed the rising generation. Girls, no doubt, like dancing for its own sake—or say they do. But to many a man a dance is nothing but a glorious opportunity for putting his arm round the waist of a girl who, if he tried to do it under any other circumstances, would smack his face. The atmosphere of the modern dance hall tends to encourage moral laxity, and over-indulgence in dancing is sapping both the mentality and the morality of the nation.—*T.U.R.*

Wallflowers—and Roses.

"No Dancer" writes in cynical vein because he evidently cannot dance; it is reasonable to presume that a girl would not dance unless she was in a dancing mood and high spirits. It is the listless girl, the "back number" without sufficient energy to dance, who loses her "good looks and health"—if she has any. It is perfectly natural for youth to dance in moderation; twice a week suits me, and I'm eighteen. A person who cannot dance is out of everything socially, for even the village concerts and socials have disappeared and dances rule instead!—*Phyllis, Cliffe-a-Hoo.*

A Highland Fling!

"No Dancer" condemns the whole of the dancing public in his bitter letter in your "Letter Parliament." This anti-dancing fiend would do well to attend a modern dance and note the exhilarating atmosphere which is invariably prevalent—not to mention the healthy benefit derived from the exercise. He has developed a narrow mind, the chief cause of which is most probably envy. His contention that fox-trotting impairs the efficiency for work in those who participate in this pastime is sheer rot. I married my dancing partner seven years ago and am still as keen on jazzing as I was on "hooching" to a reel.—*E. J. S., Forfarshire.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 160 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

On with the Dance.

There is no harm in dancing. It is ridiculous of your reader who recently said that girls jeopardise their matrimonial chances by going regularly to dancing. As a matter of fact I married my dancing partner, and have lived five happy years with him. On with the dance, I say.—*Mrs. H. Jones, Paisley.*

Tips from other Trippers.

Dancing in moderation is a gentle and graceful exercise. Everybody knows that constant dancing is exceedingly harmful. "No Dancer" seems to think that all young girls are brainless, spineless, bobbed-haired, silk-stockinged fools.—*Two Dancers, Highgate.*

The average dancing partners do not go about together with the hope of ultimately becoming husband and wife, but because their steps fit in and they really enjoy dancing together.—*A Dancer, Liverpool.*

Is "No Dancer" aware that dancing improves deportment, strengthens the muscles of the legs, ankles and feet, also prevents flat feet? As regards "Young men do not choose their dancing partner when looking for a life partner," he is wrong again, for I know of many such unions, and happy ones too.—*Jollyboy, Sheffield.*

I have never danced in my life, and I see no great harm in girls patronising the dancing halls. The average girl broadens her mind and gains self-reliance by studying the different types of men she meets at these dances, and when she chooses her husband she does not choose in the dark.—*A. B., Barking.*

In Defence of the "Dry."

How ready the captious ones are to condemn and deride the efforts of the few who are attempting to bring about a sadly needed change in the social welfare of the people. It is all very well to point to the weakness of the American Prohibition Laws, but what law have we to-day that still remains uninfringed? We need but glance into our crowded police courts for an answer to that question. The statement by G. Allen Courte, Leicester, that Prohibition means unemployment is as ignorant and misreading as it is devoid of first-hand information.—*Bachen Cymro, Glamorgan.*

On Other Pages

DID you ever think of your postman as Santa Claus? You *will* if you win one of the Big Prizes in "Bullets" Christmas Offer, which closes this week.

THROWING away £5 notes is a hobby of one of our fellows. There's nothing like encouraging hobbies! Turn to page 5, and make two people happy!

ON page 27 "Motomac" talks of cold and foggy weather motoring. But this advice is wonderfully clear, and there isn't much he's mist!

Political Parsons.

I quite agree with the Duke of Northumberland that politics are not the parson's business, and to use the pulpit for propaganda is as dishonourable as firing at an enemy under cover of the white flag. When the priest prostitutes his office by becoming not only a politician but a revolutionist, he is a traitor to his Creed, his Country and his Congregation.—*Churchwarden, S.W.12.*

To-morrow Never Comes.

General Sir Ian Hamilton hits the nail on the head with his slogans. As one who served under the General in the Gallipoli campaign, let me join with him in saying that what ex-Service men want is Work—not Doles, and Action—not Talk. There is far too much talk about "To-morrow" at the present time. But Tommy made To-morrow safe for the nation in 1914. What is wanted now is the nation to make To-day safe for Tommy.—*Gully Beach, Burnley.*

Eternal Talk.

Now that a new Parliament is to be brought into being, one great step towards progress would be made if its members revised the rules regarding parliamentary vacations. The business of the country necessitates a body which will give continuous attention and attendance throughout the year. There ought to be no fixed vacations at all, but each member should be allowed a certain fixed number of absences annually, which he must not exceed under the penalty of suspension.—*Frederick Lyall, Northampton.*

Are Servants Immoral?

I have read the letter by your correspondent on the above subject, and it passes my comprehension how any man could sit and pen such utter rot. When one considers the large number of young women who leave home to go into domestic service, it is indeed surprising how few of them succumb to temptation. My wife, until our marriage, was a domestic servant, and no man could wish for a more helpful companion. The recent Domestic Service Inquiry Report, by the Government Commission, is a monument to the good name of our domestic servants.—*Glamorgan.*

Sparing the Rod.

In the controversy over school education, and the slipshod way in which children are being taught, there is one thing being overlooked. No consideration is given to the way in which thousands of children are being brought up. The sentimental and over-indulgent mother, and careless, indifferent father, do more harm than a thousand teachers. No teacher will cane or flog a child that is obedient. There is that about an obedient child that makes one's feelings warm towards it. The disobedient child is enough to make a saint lose patience.—*Sartor, South Wales.*

Conscript Brains.

Mr. A. G. Gardiner's splendid article on the false election is sound commonsense. Trade with Russia is very essential, but when this becomes established delay is inevitable before industry can recover sufficiently to absorb the unemployed. I suggest that, in the meantime, an Industrial Commission should be appointed, comprising the finest business brains of the country, with representatives of the great Trade Unions, to prepare an immediate employment scheme. The crisis of the war conscripted bodies; let the crisis of peace conscript brains. The Party parrot-cries are so much nonsense.—*W. H. D., Wallasey.*

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The 5/- Masterpiece Lever Filler Model fitted with 14ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped, and safety cap. It fills itself; it cleans itself; it cannot leak. For all practical purposes equal to Pens costing 17/6. Written 2-years' guarantee with every Pen.

FREE!

Presented Free is a magnificent 3/6 "Everpointed" Pencil, superbly silvered and beautifully chased complete with rubber and refills, and as a Big Extra Xmas Surprise we place in the box this week Two Xmas Gift Stamps equivalent in value to 2/-

No. 2

A touch of the lever and the pen is filled

The Golden Gift Set

For Mother.

Contents.

The 5/- Masterpiece Lever Filler Model, slightly shorter for slipping into a handbag, and fitted with 14ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped. The graceful lines and beauty of design will instantly capture her heart. Written 2-years' guarantee with every Pen.

FREE!

Presented Free is a dainty 3/6 "Everpointed" Pencil, heavily plated and beautifully chased, lady's size, with pendant top, and complete with rubber and refills. As a Big Extra Xmas Surprise we place in the box this week Two Xmas Gift Stamps equivalent in value to 2/-

No. 3

The Silver Gift Set

For the young man.

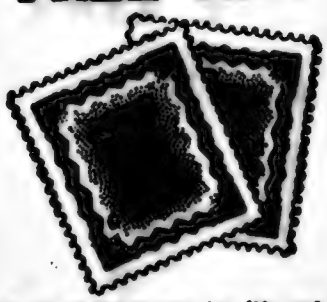
Contents

The "John Bull" Standard Model Pen—the famous Pen which keeps one factory busy to supply the demand. Fitted with 14ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped. Written 2-years' guarantee with every Pen. Special Reduced Xmas Price 2/6.

FREE!

Presented Free in this Silver Gift Set is a 1/6 Automatic Propelling Pencil, superbly finished in artistic colours, and complete with refills. As a Big Extra Xmas Surprise we place in the box this week Two Xmas Gift Stamps equivalent in value to 2/-

FREE This Week!



We are placing in every box this week Two Xmas Gift Stamps value 2/-

Winning Golden Opinions.

Just two specimens of hundreds received:—

"WORTH TREBLE"

Allow me to express my delight at receiving such a handsome gift. It has far exceeded my expectations. I think all "John Bull" readers who if not take advantage of your offer are missing a great opportunity of obtaining an article worth double the money. A better example of value for money I have never known. (Signed) Lewis Gutteridge, 136, William Street, Tottenham, Middlesex.

"HOW DOES IT PAY YOU?"

I find it difficult to express my feelings. The gift is "O.K." How does it pay you at the price? If you could, it isn't on the side of the cat and I don't love (Signed) F. Kyte, 61, Roland Road, Manchester.

Xmas Gift Coupon.

"JOHN BULL" PEN DEPT., LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Please send me the Christmas Gift Set(s) described below. (Cross out those not required.)

No. 1 Golden Gift Set, containing the "John Bull" "Masterpiece Model Pen (Gent's size) and 3/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE. I enclose cheque/P.O. for 5/3 (which includes 3d. for postage and insurance).

No. 2 Golden Gift Set, containing the Masterpiece Model Pen (Lady's size) and a 3/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE. I enclose cheque/P.O. for 5/3 (which includes 3d. for postage and insurance).

No. 3 Silver Gift Set, containing the "John Bull" Standard Model Pen and 1/6 Propelling Pencil FREE. I enclose cheque/P.O. for 3/- (which includes 2d. for postage and insurance).

State if broad, medium or fine nib required. (Cross out grades not required.)

Postage on two Sets, 4d.; on three sets 6d. Postage and registration abroad 9d. each set. Pocket Clips 1d. each extra.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

DATE .....
J.B.8.12.23.

Cross cheque/P.O. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull".
Money gladly refunded if you are not more than delighted.

Motoring for the Million

by MOTOMAC.

TRUE to tradition, November has provided us with several "London Particulars," during which the cosy comfort of the closed "saloon" has been fully appreciated. The trouble for the million with limited resources is that they have but a limited choice of this type of car. It may be dangerous to talk of Fords when the fiscal fog is thicker than the "regular pea-souper."

It has been our deliberate policy to persuade purchasers to buy British cars and encourage Home industry, but when no British maker can fill the bill, I for one am thankful to know that we need not go without. In any case, Fords for Home consumption are 90 per cent. Home production, and the great point is that one can get a Ford saloon for approximately £200.

If only the chassis be bought, British coachwork can be had to suit any taste. Speaking from experience, I can say that some of them are wonderfully comfortable, though the source of origin be often camouflaged. I can truthfully add that if my means only run to a Ford, a Ford I would run, and in so doing would be but imitating many wealthy people who find a Ford a particularly useful car.

THERE is no need to talk about the Ford, it is a stock form of conversation, and if you do happen to be stuck on the road, you will find Ford parts are always "stock" everywhere. This advantage can only be realised to the full when the car you are running is not a Ford.

Another saloon type for the million is the Chevrolet, a production which is a combination of Home and Empire.

It is, of course, more orthodox than a Ford. It is easy to handle, economical to run. The compact overhead valve engine is a marvel for power and acceleration. The middle gear is useful in traffic, it is seldom used in ordinary cruising, as most hills are done on top.

The standard saloon at £330 looks neat and good, will seat five, and is within the scope of the moderate purse.

DRIVING in a fog is a particularly trying job in any car. Head lamps are worse than useless, the small side lamp with forward ray cannot keep you where you ought to be.

The only safe way is to crawl along hugging the pavement or the bank on your own side of the road, and that is most easily accomplished by hanging some form of spot-light over the front wing. The Webster magnetic lamp is very useful; it will stick to any metal part, but at a pinch an ordinary bicycle lamp fixed on the running board will keep you in touch with the side of the road. Engage a middle gear if only for the sake of greater control should some unexpected object loom up in front.

We have already experienced hard frosts. For those whose garages are unheated, to empty the radiator is the only real safeguard against a cracked water jacket.

It is a nuisance to have to do it, especially if the car is in daily use. The "Ever Warm" radiator lamp is one of the cheapest and most effective ways of overcoming the trouble. It can be put inside the bonnet with safety, even insurance companies admit that. It sells for 17s. 6d., burns for forty-eight hours on less than a pint of paraffin, and it pays for itself in the mere saving of energy, when one goes to start up.

***

For further particulars about cars and accessories send coupon on page 2

A Christmas Present for the whole Family—

THINK of the delight of having a gramophone in your home for Christmas—and THAT gramophone a Decca! You will never lack for entertainment then. If you want a concert—you can have it when and where you like. If you want dance music, the best orchestras will play it to you—on the Decca.

The Decca is the world-famous "portable" which, though so small, is as loud, clear and musical as the most expensive gramophones. It is ready to play immediately opened, is light, compact, strongly made and takes any size of record.

And though unique in appearance, unrivalled in performance and improved in many important respects, you can now get a Decca at

From £3 : 12 : 6 to £9 : 9 : 0

Of Music Dealers, Stores, etc.

DECCA
THE PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE

"Decca" Book containing unique photographs received from "Decca" enthusiasts, post free from

"DECCA" (Dept. J),
23-33, Worship St., London, E.C.2
(Proprietors: Barnett Samuel and Sons, Ltd.)

"With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes, She shall have music wherever she goes."

If pigs could fly

—then a leg of Pork would be more digestible because the pigs wouldn't toughen their legs by running about so much.

As it is, Pork is rather indigestible and you *must* eat mustard with it.

Mustard plays a *double* part in digestion; by improving the flavour it increases salivary digestion, and it increases the flow of gastric juices which digest food.

Mustard keeps the digestion young.

Colman's D.S.F. Mustard

CHEAP FOODS ARE FALSE ECONOMY

Would you eat bad food just because it was cheap? No! You know that there is a doctor's bill at the end of improper feeding.

Just so with the dog. Cheap foods are as detrimental to doggy health as table scraps—they sap vitality and weaken the constitution.

There is only *one rational dog food* —Spratt's Meat-Fibrine Dog Cakes or Puppy Biscuits.

Start your dog on Spratt's to-day. See how eager he is for Spratt's—watch how bright and virile he becomes. Large, crisp, wholesome biscuits, they build up doggy health and stamina.

Twice a week give him Spratt's Rodnim Meal, mixed either with broth or gravy. This nourishing, tasty food makes a welcome change of diet.

Make sure that every bag of biscuits that you buy bears the name Spratt's. It is your guarantee of quality. When buying Rodnim make sure that the metal seal is intact.

SPRATT'S
MEAT FIBRINE
DOG CAKES & PUPPY BISCUITS

What do you want to know about a dog? Send 7d. in Stamps for "The Friend O' Man," the finest book on dogs in the world, giving invaluable information on the care and treatment of dogs, and illustrating 50 breeds.

Write us for free expert advice on any dog matters.

Enquiry Department,
SPRATT'S PATENT LIMITED,
24-5, FENCHURCH STREET,
LONDON, E.C.3.

John Bull's Letter Bag

WRITE to JOHN BULL about it. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding at your call through the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often. An expert staff deals with Legal and Financial inquiries by post. All you have to do is to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the reply.

P. B. (Seaton).—"The Rothermere Press will play on a single string." That's why their harping gets so monotonous.

T. E. C. (Reading).—"Which is the best Christmas decoration?" Holly has its good points.

M. C. (——).—"Hope you will be able to read this letter." All but the address; it isn't there to read.

Billy O. (Moreton).—"In my opinion England is going to the bad." Then how is it that it can deliver the "goods"?

S. R. (St. Albans).—"An ex-army cook, I have set up in business as a pastrycook." We hope you will make a large turnover.

W. S. (South Shields).—"What is the rumour about the perpetual flying aeroplane?" There isn't any ground for it.

W. Strong (Edgware).—"A man should not drink more than what is good for him." You are a believer in "Safety Thirst."

W. S. B. (Edmonton).—"If we hadn't the election now, when would we have had it sprung on us?" Spring, probably.

W. F. A. (Newport).—"Is it not right that women should have a vote before the age of thirty?" And, lady, there are so few women *over* the age of thirty.

R. P. (Glasgow).—"I had the rank of Sergeant-Major during the war." Never mind! You've probably lived it down by this time.

H. W. (Littlehampton).—"Some of the political organisations are entertaining the kiddies this Christmas." Evidently to encourage the "party" game.

S. L. (Coventry).—"The sayings of some of the candidates have won much favour." But it is by their doings they will be judged.

Mrs. W. J. T. (Southampton).—"Too much stress is laid on what children are taught at school and not enough on what they are taught at home." Obviously, they should be taught both ways.

E. H. (Leytonstone).—"The profiteers are trying to obtain all the money they can from the working class." Seems to us they don't care what class they get it from so long as they *do* get it.

C. S. G. (Brighton).—"Because the postman collected the letters at least five minutes too soon, my letter arrived too late. Surely this man should be sacked." Because you lost your post, you think he should lose his.

T. R. (N.1).—"Why should a worker whose meagre wage is £2 per week be forced to pay 9d. and another earning £5 be exempted?" Because the £5 a week man is likewise exempted from the benefits.

L. F. (Skipton).—"By all means make Germany pay." So far they haven't found any means to make her pay.

D. C. (Bacup).—"A capital levy is the bee in the bonnet of the Labour Party." Ah! there's the sting!

C. T. (Crayford).—"I have had to have all my teeth extracted." Sir! you've said a mouthful.

Mrs. Brown (Jarrow).—"I think J.B. is the best paper going." Which explains adequately why it is going so well.

D. V. (Egham).—"Do you read character by handwriting?" We can tell you're inquisitive, anyway.

S. L. (Teignmouth).—"There should be a law compelling milk to be sold at a penny a pint to poor people." And many would support the measure.

K. S. (Bradford).—"Heaven with a German in it wouldn't be Heaven at all to me." Want to make it hot for them, don't you?

I. R. (Southampton).—"For one place, Southampton will never be prohibition." No doubt it always will be, as it is now, one large port.

E. P. (Yorks).—"It is curious, but I always seem to think the same as you." Not so much curious as common sense. Congratulations to *both* of us.

A. P. (Blackburn).—"You have allowed yourself free rein to back up Free Trade." That's because we want the "bit" in our mouth.

F. H. G. (S. Devon).—"I have been greatly annoyed at the enormous amount of alcohol still consumed in the U.S.A. under prohibition." Why annoyed? There's plenty here still.

A. W. R. (Glasgow).—"I am sorry to say that I am unable to suggest any way by which people who drink too much alcohol can be persuaded not to do so." The answer, probably, is a small lemonade.

M. W. (Andover).—"Do the rich know what it is for their children to have bread and margarine at every meal?" And the appetite with which the poorer kiddies eat it?

W. F. C. (E.1).—"Your suggestion of a referendum is too businesslike, too sensible, and much too straightforward ever to be adopted by a Government." Unless we are businesslike and common-sensible enough to return just that kind of Government.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

G. F. (Putney).—"I can't help speaking my mind." Automatic writing, so to speak.

R. B. (Chester).—"There are only three courses open to a woman who is proposed to." Yes—No—and perhaps.

J. F. (E.18).—"I am very fond of reading your esteemed paper." The vote of thanks was carried unanimously.

F. C. (Stoke).—"Where there's a will there's a way." More often there's a won't.

S. R. (Clapham).—"My wife spends too much time looking in the glass." Taking time for reflection as it were.

W. T. (Exmouth).—"Should insanity be made a cause for divorce?" It's certainly the cause of many marriages.

G. S. (Halifax).—"Spiritualists should always test the spirits." Most spirits nowadays are sadly under proof.

R. K. (Sheffield).—"It is still true that the best cutlery in the world comes from Sheffield." True as steel.

C. R. (Dewsbury).—"Is the enclosed article fit for JOHN BULL?" It's fit enough but not good enough.

C. N. (Hanley).—"I don't agree with you." In which case of course we don't agree with you either.

G. W. (Aberdeen).—"I don't care for the habits of the people here." Perhaps the truth of the matter is they don't like yours.

R. R. (Grantham).—"Some folks dislike the naked truth." They're the sort who'd like to put a pair of stockings on the Venus de Milo.

R. B. (Norwich).—"I may write to you again if you print this." In which case we are compelled to bid you a sorrowful farewell.

R. S. W. (Bristol).—"The country will be asked to go into the question with an open mind." Yet many will vote with an empty head.

C. L. (Giggleswick).—"If A. G. Gardiner's articles are knowledge, I'm thankful for my ignorance." You've a lot to be thankful for.

A. C. (Brighton).—"Scores of young men marry their dancing partners." Then no wonder so many married couples get the "blues."

V. P. (Earl's Court).—"There are some items in your pages I don't agree with." As you don't tell us what they are, we don't know whom to sack.

Miss H. (Sideup).—"I'm always out when opportunity knocks." See that you're in for *Bullets* Christmas Offer. There are many Big Prizes to be won this week.

F. J. P. (Middlesbro').—"I am merely doing my best to get at the truth about spiritualism." Precisely as we are doing.

F. C. (Matlock).—"Does Lord Rothermere mean all he says?" We can hardly write for laughing.

J. B. (N.7.).—"I hope you will give your attention to the various cranks and killjoys." Your hopes will be realised.

E. D. (Ringwood).—"Trusting you will see eye to eye with me." Always provided you don't squint!

J. W. (Winchester).—"Christmas is coming." My dear Watson, you surpass yourself!

M. D. (Highbury).—"People are saying unkind things about me." If you've done nothing to deserve it, why worry?

F. P. (York).—"My friends tell me I've a film face." Probably they didn't mean to be unkind!

S. M. (Esher).—"I am sending you a heavenly joke." We certainly found it unearthly!

P. S. (Salisbury).—"Poverty is no crime." No, sir! But it's so darned inconvenient.

B. R. D. (Darlington).—"Even the unintelligent donkey prefers water to beer." But he's an ass anyhow.

S. T. (St. Leonards).—"At times I must admit I feel like throwing over the traces." Don't! You may very possibly find yourself in the cart if you do.

W. A. (Scarborough).—"Children should have a hot bath at least once a week." Others are continually getting into hot water.

B. J. (Bath).—"This country wants no class legislation." And a lot of the legislation we've been getting lately has been no class.

KITTY (Stourbridge).—"Do you pronounce Higham, High-am or Hig-ham?" If you call it Hig-ham you'll offend Higham.

R. H. H. (Stoke-on-Trent).—"Recently a Brazilian has signed on for Southport." And perhaps he'll prove a hard nut to crack.

L. G. (Bradford).—"I hope I am not intruding in any way in writing to you." When we say "Write to JOHN BULL about it," we mean it.

E. M. (Salford).—"When any complaints are made he always tells his customers that they do not know what good beer is." Very possibly that's because he never supplies them with any.

A. A. (Peckham).—"Why is it our Government is always bothering with red tape?" Because they need so much to tie up things they have left undone.

S. G. (Cockermouth).—"The farm labourer has neither the means, the time, nor the opportunity to educate himself." Still he knows a lot about the ground work.

D. B. (South Shields).—"Some of the other papers, particularly Sunday papers, might well take a leaf out of your book." Quite a few of them aren't above lifting whole pages.

H. S. (Bolton).—"The man who talks the most and the man who wants the most is the man who makes up his mind eventually to secure Parliamentary honours." The gift of the gab, and of the grab, so to speak.

G. C. M. (Hants).—"If it were not for the curse of party politics and newspaper jealousies, Lloyd George would not have been on the shelf so long." Still he managed to keep the dust off himself all right.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

JOHN BULL'S Xmas Gifts

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The 50,000 Golden Christmas Gifts specially set aside for our readers are fast disappearing. Those who have not yet made application should do so at once before the available supply is exhausted.

N.B.—Readers who have already received their XMAS GIFT STAMPS, which are presented with the Golden Christmas Gifts, are requested to send them in early in order to avoid disappointment.

FOR PARTICULARS, SEE PAGE 22.

WHY WE WILL TRUST "JOHN BULL" READERS.

4/6 worth of Medicine Post-free: No Pay Unless Benefited.

This is a Fair and Honest offer that we could not make if we did not trust both "John Bull" readers and our own medicine—Vitæ-Ore, Nature's own life-giving remedy. Some medicines benefit only some people.

VITÆ-ORE IS DIFFERENT.

Our tonic beverage Vitæ-Ore *always* benefits those who need it. We will therefore send you a full-sized 4s. 6d. packet, making a whole month's supply, post free, on the sole understanding that you will pay for it unless you write and say that you are no better for it. *You will be better for it.*

No drug or patent medicine could be offered on such terms. If there were any reasonable chance that Vitæ Ore would not do you good, there would be so many people who would not pay that we should be ruined!

VITÆ-ORE IS EXPENSIVE—TO US.

Vitæ Ore is brought 5,000 miles—extracted from the dried residue of the most valuable natural healing spring in the world—the only one found by the medical profession to possess actual vitalising powers, giving new life to men and women who are ill or run down for need of full vitality.

> "The Lancet," the most cautious and authoritative medical paper in existence, said of it: "The clinical results obtained were satisfactory"; the "Medical Magazine" (another doctors' paper) said: "We have no hesitation in recommending Vitæ-Ore."

The Government, having analysed Vitæ Ore at Somerset House, exempted it from the stamp duty on patent medicines (which would have been 1s.) because Vitæ-Ore is not a patent medicine. You can have full confidence in using Vitæ-Ore; it is (as mixed for use) practically tasteless, and can be taken instead of water at meals.

HOW VITÆ-ORE CURES.

Vitæ-Ore cures by increasing the natural vitality of the system. Not only your aches and pains, or the chronic ailment that you supposed was incurable; your indigestion, your nervous debility, the early effects of advancing years are done away with; but you are better all over too. Your mind works better. Your muscles are strengthened. Your vital powers renewed. You feel younger, more vigorous. You are better looking—your skin and eyes are clearer. It is Nature working in you. Girls who are bloodless and anæmic—pale, easily tired, short of breath when going upstairs—derive the most wonderful benefits from Vitæ-Ore. Among the ailments which have definitely disappeared when Vitæ-Ore was taken are

Anæmia.	Rheumatism
Neuralgia	Enfeebled Nerves
Sciatica	Kidney and
Lumbago	Bladder Weakness
St. Vitus' Dance	Sluggish Liver and
Dyspepsia	All run-down conditions due to the Stomach, Kidneys, Nerve and Liver.
Chronic Indigestion	
Backache in Women	

But these are only some of the things from which relief can be obtained. Whatever is wrong with you Vitæ-Ore will help you because while every other remedy only attacks the symptoms of disease Vitæ-Ore restores the loss of vitality which is the cause of all disease.

Do not delay. Take advantage of this offer at once. A month's supply sent without a penny of payment until you have taken the whole; and no charge if you say you are not benefited. It is what YOU say, not what WE say.

FACE WINTER BOLDLY.

You may have no ailment, and yet the cold and damp of Winter needs some safeguard. Use Vitæ-Ore as a tonic. However little you may be run down, this precaution is wise, and you will feel the benefit. You will feel the warm, rich blood coursing through your veins when you have used Vitæ-Ore; and remember, there is no charge if you say you feel no better.

That we are able to sell Vitæ-Ore on this Trial System and get payments for tens of thousands of packets proves V.-O. must benefit those who use it. If they were not benefited they would not pay.

Our offer is a liberal one. We send you a whole month's supply—no benefit, no pay. And you DO pay; for you ARE benefited; you will be glad and happy to pay if you accept our offer.

Do not delay. Take advantage of the offer at once. Fill in the coupon or copy it, and post it to Theo. Noel Co., Ltd., Dept. 19, 20, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

Send this Without Money for 4s. 6d. Packet lasting a Month.

To the THEO. NOEL CO., LTD.,
(Dept. 19), 20, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

Dear Sirs—Please send me a month's supply of "Vitæ-Ore," with full directions and free book of particulars.

I will use it according to the "Directions," and promise to report result in 30 days.

If it does me good I will send you 4s. 6d. in payment for the month's course of treatment. If not I will write and say so, and in that case You are to Charge Me Nothing.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

(Advt.

Imagine yourself with £6,000 FIRST PRIZE BEHIND YOU

It would free you from all money worries!

Wouldn't *you* like to be the happy possessor of this magnificent private fortune? It is the biggest First Prize offered in any 2/6 Competition. The "Treasure Quest" gives you a splendid *sporting* chance of capturing the huge prize of £6,000 in cash, or one of the other big money prizes in this simple, fascinating contest.

Half-an-hour's "jolly interesting fun" may bring you one of the substantial *cash* awards in the "Treasure Quest" Competition. £6,000! Why shouldn't *you* win it? Think what it would mean to you. A new house—a business of your own—the best education and start for your children—*independence* from all money worries. In a word—HAPPINESS. Enter *now*—the time is closing in—for the great

'Treasure Quest'

£10,000 Prize Money to be Won.

The Treasure Quest is a competition organised by the Irish Loyalists' Appeal Association in Aid of Distressed and Destitute Southern Irish Loyalists who have suffered for their loyalty to Great Britain.

Appeal Committee: Lord Willoughby de Broke; The Earl of Bradford, G.C.M.G; The Lady Constance Milnes-Gaskell; Mrs. Webster; Brig.-Gen. C. Prescott-Decie; L. W. Raymond, Esq.

1st Prize - £6,000

(The Biggest First Prize in any 2/6 Competition)

2nd Prize £2,000 3rd Prize £1,000

4 Prizes of £200 each, and scores of other substantial Cash Awards.

All you have to do is to find the errors in pictures of everyday life, well within the capacity of the proverbial "schoolboy"!

TICKETS 2/6 EACH

From all Theatre Ticket Agents and Stores, Army and Navy Stores, Ltd., Selfridge's, Ltd., and Gamages, Ltd., or shops exhibiting the Treasure Quest Poster—or send the Coupon.

CLOSING SOON—ENTER NOW

To DIRECTOR, "Treasure Quest Competition,"
58, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

Please send me ..... tickets (at 2/6 each) and the necessary competition pictures for which I enclose cheque (postal order) for £ ..... s. ..... d.

NAME .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

ADDRESS .....

.....

Please write in BLOCK CAPITALS AND IN INK. Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed "& Co." and made payable to "Treasure Quest Competition."

J.B.1 a

FITS CAN BE CURED.

Permanent Recovery Possible.

GREAT FREE OFFER.

There is no infirmity so distressing, either to the sufferer or to those around him, as epilepsy and those kindred nervous complaints which recurring more violently and unexpectedly at shortening intervals, render the life of the sufferer one round of misery.

IT HAS LONG BEEN SUPPOSED THAT FITS WERE NOT CURABLE, AND MANY AN UNFORTUNATE SUFFERER HAS SPENT LARGE SUMS IN SEARCH OF THE ALLEVIATION THAT ORDINARY REMEDIES, HOWEVER EXPENSIVELY PRICED, CAN NEVER BRING.

It was left for Dr. S. B. Niblett, to at last discover the remedy that would not only bring alleviation, but, by building up the patient's vital forces, finally render him immune from the dread scourge. Dr. Niblett gave thirty-five years' close study to epilepsy and fits—devoted a lifetime to the alleviation of these terrible complaints. His remedy—which he called "Vital Renewer"—has brought back during the last few years health and strength to thousands, and it is with the object of making it more widely known that we to-day make a remarkable offer of a free bottle to anyone who is afflicted with this dread disease.

May we put it to you to take advantage of this offer now—to learn, once and for all, that there is a way by which you can be quickly and permanently cured—a treatment medically endorsed and vouched for by thousands of patients thoroughly cured?

Nor is Dr. Niblett's treatment other than pleasant, its simplicity and the ease with which it may be carried out being marked features.

WRITE NOW FOR FREE BOTTLE AND TREATMENT BOOKS, ALL SENT POST FREE ON APPLICATION (FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY) TO ANYONE WHO HAS NOT PREVIOUSLY HAD THIS REMEDY. WRITE TO-DAY TO—

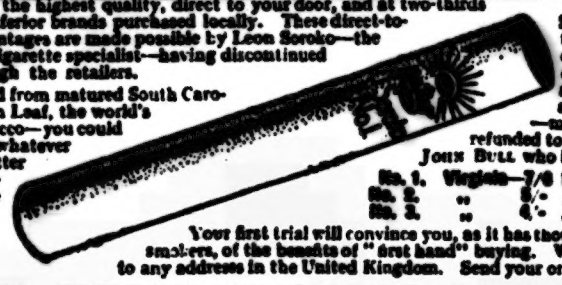
B. W. NIBLETT,

38, Basinghall Street, London, E.C.2.

Cigarettes at Pre-War Prices.

Cigarettes of the highest quality, direct to your door, and at two-thirds the cost of inferior brands purchased locally. These direct-to-smoker advantages are made possible by Leon Soroko—the well-known cigarette specialist—having discontinued selling through the retailers.

Manufactured from matured South Carolina Virginian Leaf, the world's choicest tobacco—you could not obtain, whatever you pay, better more pleasurable or more hygienic smoking.



Simply choose the brand, order one hundred or more, and test them at our risk—money will be refunded to any reader of JOHN BULL who is not satisfied.

No. 1.	Virginia—7/6	100, 72/-	1,000
No. 2.	"	5/- "	48/- "
No. 3.	"	4/- "	38/- "

Your first trial will convince you, as it has thousands of other smokers, of the benefits of "first hand" buying. We pay postage to any address in the United Kingdom. Send your order to:

LEON SOROKO, 431, Romford Road, London, E.7.

A post-card to H. Samuel brings you by return his wonderful

FREE BOOK

OF 3,000 GIFTS at Factory Prices with splendid lists of

FREE PRIZES

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VENEREAL DISEASES.

HOW ARE THEY CAUGHT?

Venereal Diseases are due to germs. It is wrong, therefore, to suppose that they can only be caught from "Professionals." It has nothing to do with the payment of money. Anyone who is infected can infect anyone else. The infected are often ignorant that they can pass their disease on to others and show no signs by which those others can detect them. A husband who has the germ can unknowingly infect his wife, and vice versa.

Therefore anyone who notices suspicious symptoms should never say, "Oh, it is impossible that I have caught it; she was quite all right," but should go to a doctor or clinic at once.

Those who are in doubt or difficulty may write to the Hon. Medical Secretary, National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, 102P., Dean Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1, where free information can be obtained in strict confidence.

The following booklets may also be had from the National Council.

Five useful Booklets for Parents, 1/6 the set, post free.

Six useful Booklets for Girls, 1/5 the set, post free.

Seven useful Booklets for Young Men, 1/6 the set; post free.

A SIGN OF SANTA CLAUS

Why There Will Be Many Empty Stockings

THE sixth of December is the Feast of Saint Nicholas, the patron and protector of charity and children, who, as everybody knows, or ought to know, is the original Santa Claus.

It is his method of relieving the distress of a poverty-stricken family by throwing three stocking-shaped purses of gold through a window at night which is still commemorated at Christmastime in the hanging up of children's stockings.

The Saint's original method of doing good by stealth is also commemorated in another fashion. In stained glass windows and old prints he is often represented bearing three purses, or three golden balls.

The three golden balls form the familiar sign of the pawnbroker, and there is no doubt that the origin of the sign was the emblematical device of the charitable Saint.

Poor Santa Claus! What tears he must shed as he passes by threadbare stockings which must remain empty because the gifts which might have filled them have gone to the sign of the three golden balls! The children will wait in vain for their stockings to be filled this Christmas in many homes because their parents have had to pawn most of their possessions for food.

Hard times that have extended into months have rendered many families so poor that their Christmastime will be a fast instead of a feast. We are trying to carry a little Christmas cheer into homes that would otherwise be desolate and mournful, and we ask you to help us in this work of good will by subscribing as liberally as you can to our "Greatest of These——" Fund.

Remember, every penny you send us goes to help the poor and needy. JOHN BULL bears gladly all the expenses of administration.

"The Greatest of These——"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These——" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

"Roysterer's Ninth," 7½d.; "Widow," 9d.; "Wee Ninth," 5½d.; "With Luck," 8d.; "Sympathiser," 1s. 6d.; "Baccy Money," 6d.; "First Ninth" (Stockport), 5s. 6d.; "Out-o'-Work," 1s.; C. F., 2s. 6d.; R. L., 1s. 3d.; "Optimist's Ninth," 2s. 4d.; "Pilgrim," 1s. 2d.; "Disabled Ex-Service," 5d.; "Stalybridge," 4½d.; N. J., 1s. 2d.; H. A. Starling, 11d.; "Ogo," 1s. 6d.; "Hopeful Ninth," 1s.; E. M. T. Holroyd, 1s.; "Percy," 9½d.; G. S., 2s. 7½d.; "Crook Well-wisher," 1s. 6d.; A. J. P., 2s.; "Lakerret," 6½d.; "Two Ninths," G., 1s. 6d.; "Portchester," 2s.; "Carluke," 1s. 3d.; "Bimbo," 3s.; "Grateful," 7½d.; "Target," 10d.; "Wrexham," 4d.; W. E. L., 4s. 6½d.; "Another Ninth," 3s. 8d.; "Scot," 2s.; "Jambid," 9d.; "Aberdonian's Ninth," 1s.; "Hopeful Draper," 2s. 4½d.; G. S., 10½d.; W. W. and E., 1s. 8½d.; "Willing Helper," 6½d.; "Stockton," 5½d.; "Roswell," 1s. 4d.; "Bolton Trotter," 1s.; N. Hatton, 5s.; "Victim" (Leith), 7½d.; "Darwen," 5½d.; "Wellwisher," 5s.; "S." Hoylake," 3s. 10½d.; G. Whitham, 8½d.; "Co-Co," 1s. 3d.; "Southsea," 10d.; "Salocin," 1s. 10d.; "Tar," 7d.; "Porus Fair Nun," 3d.; J. L. (Scotland), 4s.; "Herb's" 1s. 1d.; "Good Luck," 1s.; H. N., 1s.; "Old Soldier," 4s. 10d.; "Ladez," 14s.; R. Cornfield, 6d.; Mrs N. F. D., parcel; "Glasgow," 9d.; "Nancy" (Arbroath), 5s.; "Hard Hit," 6d.; "Sallie," 10d.; P. T. D. (Strearaer), 1s. 3d.; "Belfast," 6d.; "Leglie" (Fife), 3s.; W. N. R., 4s. 9d.; "One Ninth" (Edinburgh), 1s. 6d.; "Scottish Reader," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. R. D., 1s. 2d.; "Belated Ninth," 1s. 9d.; "Barney's" 1s. 6d.; "First Ninth," 6d.; "Mid," 6d.; "Sittingbourne," 1s.; Miss Thomson, 2s.; "Eleanor's" 1s. 6d.; "Ninth," 8d.; C. W. (Sheffield), 3s.; "Emsworth," 2s. 3d.; K. R. R., "War Widow," 3s.; "R/8," 1s.; "Bradford," 2s.; "Serg. Murphy," 1s. 9d.; "Georgy Porgy," 5d.; M. C., 6d.; Newcastle-on-Tyne," 1d.; "Naggud," 1s. 5½d.; A. M. G., 6d.; M. C., 1s.; "Jack" (Tondu), 1s. 8d.; "Lutterworth," 1s. 6d.; "Ninth Portion," 2s.; "Dorset," 6d.; "Astigmatism," 1s. 5d.; R. A. S., 2s.; J. Bee, 1s.; A. Smith, 2s.; A. E. M., 3s.; "Gillingham," 1s. 2d.; "Sympathiser," 10d.; G. W. Cooke, 7d.; Miss K., 1s. 1d.; "Bunty and Chuckles," 2s.; "Hartburn," 1s. 3d.; "Blant," 10s.; "Black Cat," 7½d.; H. B., 2s.; "Ex-Soldier," 9d.; "Widow," 1s. 8d.; "Jarrow," 1s. 5d.; A. E. M., 1s. 9d.; "Little Noreen," 6d.; "Brummagem Button," 2s.; M. Palmer, 3s. 9d.; "British Israelite," 2s. 6d.; "Sceptic's" 1s. 5d.; A. B. C., 1s.; M. M., 1s.; Mrs. T. and Family, 1s. 1½d.; "Wenesday Ninth," 9d.; "Hopeful," 1s. 7½d.; "Pip," 1s. 1d.; J. K. Powell, 2s.; "Curly," 11d.; E. D., 9d.; A. Taylor, 2s.; "Foolish Widow," 8d.; "Courage and Co., Ltd., Chest Hospital letters; "War Widow," 2s. 3d.; F. W. L., 1s.; D. C., 1s.; T. H. S., 2d.; Mrs. L. Rice, 6d.; A. O., 9d.; J. Wood, 1s.; H. Harris, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. E. Godzill, 2s. 7½d.; "Black," 1s.; "Last Hope," T. P., 8½d.; Mrs. R. B. Morland, 9d.; "Silent Knight," 2s. 6d.; "Worthing Ninth," 1s. 1d.; "Third Ninth," 1s. 5d.; "Windfall," 1s. 3d.; "Hopeful," 6d.; A. Fletcher, 1s.; "Irwine," 11d.; E. V. Milford, 4s. 6d.; "Near Reading," 1s.; "Lens," 1s.; Anon., 7d.; "Lymlage," 1s.

Mr. Tom Sumpso, the winner of the £1,000 prize in our "Bullets" Competition No. 502, has kindly sent us £50.

Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.

100 "BULLETS" PRIZE-WINNERS OF £1

W. H. Allen, 10, Church Street, Kirkby-in-Ashfield, Notts.; R. Atkins, "Orchestra," Theatre Royal, Glasgow; M. Baker, 2a, Harmer St., Gravesend; G. Barker, 7, Tweedys Bldgs., Ryton-on-Tyne; W. Burke Baugh, 48, Rice Hey Rd., Walthew; F. W. Bechey, 24, Elm Grove, Crouch Hill, N.; C. Bell, 287, Leeds Rd., Huddersfield; R. W. Bicknell, Hele Cross, St. Mary Church, Torquay; T. Blades, 117, Ella Road, West Bridgford, Notts.; Mrs. E. E. Bone, "The Rosary," Keats Hill Rd., Sth Benfleet; J. Booth, Ballymerrigan House, Rathnew, Wicklow; W. C. Braddy, 31, Speedwell St., Oxford; R. Brailsford, 12, South Parade Whitemoor; T. Bradley, 31, Queen St., Horbury, nr. Wakefield; Sergt. M. Brennan, R.E., Ordnance Survey, Wendover; S. Bryant, 1, Oak View Terr., Otley, Yorks.; Whitstone; Mrs. E. Carpenter, 57, Haven Lane, Ealing; H. Challinor, 30, Wilson St., Gorse Hill, Stretford; R. Chantry, 60, France St., Parkgate, nr. Rotherham; J. Clark, 1, Pierremont Cres., Darlington; C. Coe, 55, Oxham Rd., Tiverton, Devon; F. Cope, 5, Crawthorne St., Peterborough; Mrs. A. Cotton, 23, Grafton Rd., Bedford; Miss Courtney, 51, Pernan St., Belfast; J. W. Cowley, 237, Heyshaw Terr., Kelloe, nr. Coxhoe, Co. Durham; H. Crawford, Marldon Hill, Paignton; G. C. Crooks, 60, Norwood Terr., Shipley; H. Davenport, 77, Raby St., Wolverhampton; I. Davis, c/o D. Hewitt, 93, Godiva St., Coventry; Miss B. Dobson, 107, Loughborough Rd., Kirkcaldy; G. Driver Nat. Prov. & Union Bank of England, Bristol; L. Embleton, "Silsoe Lodge," 1, Albert Rd., Peckham, S.E.; A. Enoch, 42a, Dalgarve Av., Falkirk, N.B.; A. Evans, Main St., Killough, Co. Down; W. Evans, "The Woodlands," Tonna, nr. Neath; Mrs. E. G. Field, 27, Wallace Rd., North End, Portsmouth; J. Findlay, 8, William St., Ferryden, Montrose; T. Gavagan, c/o 10, M. T. Coy., R.A.S.C., Bulford Camp; E. V. Gegg, 2, King St., Cirencester, Glos.; F. Gouldsbrough, 14, Bullbach St., Preston; G. Grant, 13, Carnforth St., Birkenhead; W. Green, c/o Hardie, 16, Bryson Rd., Edinburgh; S. Harrison, "Wayside," Ballyvernet Banger, Co. Down; F. Hilton, 46, High St., Cheadle, Ches.; F. Holton, 99, Third Av., Bordesley Green, Birmingham; H. B. James, 10, Treharne Rd., Caerau nr. Bridgend; W. E. James, 38, The Park, Ealing; D. E. Jones, 67, Mikado St., Penygraig, Rhondda; H. Kenyon, 4, Whalley Banks, Blackburn; P. G. Keogh, 18, Carlingford Terr., Drumcondra, Dublin; A. F. Knowles, 39, Mansfield Rd., N.W.; A. J. Lambie, 7, Dame St., Dublin; H. Leadbeater, 10, Rilot St., Bootle, Lancs.; A. B. Lowe, Cheriton Mount, Heytherope, Chesterfield; D. Low, Stronebrae, Bridge of Cally, Blairgowrie, N.B.; A. M. Mark, 10, Drumbathie Terr., Airdrie; J. Martin, Rere Cotts., Lincombe, Dawlish; W. T. Marriott, 28, Muscott St., Northampton; Mrs. G. Miller, Ashleydon, Rockford, Essex; Mrs. F. Mills, 190, Albert Rd., Stockford, B'ham.; E. Mole, c/o W. E. Reid, Ltd., Lemon Brewery, Newcastle; A. Moore, 14, Withycombe Rd., Exmouth; T. F. Moores, 51, Penny Lane, Sefton Park, Liverpool; F. J. Norton, 67, Brookfield Av., Walthamstow; G. O'Dowd, 23, Bankhouse Lane, Salterhebble, Halifax; Mrs. E. Pooney, 266, Commercial Rd., Portsmouth; A Perry, Grosvenor House, Minehead, Som.; A. Price, 17, Victoria Ridge, Dorchester; W. O. Reilly, 14, Brocklebank Rd., Wandsworth; S.W.; A. E. Rivers, 66, Woodfield St., Kidderminster; A. Roberts, c/o D.C.A., Ltd., 47, Hall Gate, Doncaster; T. Rogers Masonic Hall, Kilfinane; T. Round, 1, House, 2, Court, Cross St., Woodside, Dudley; J. Scahill, 37, Lords Walk, Preston; W. H. Scarfoth, 62, Northcote Rd., Norwich; A. G. Searle, 37, Chestnut Rd., Raynes Park; W. J. Sharples, 11, Dale St., Lancaster; J. Shaw, Sowood, Stainland, Halifax; N. Skirving, 45, Newland Rd., Small Heath, B'ham.; E. Slater, 11, Lynton Av., Hollinwood, Oldham; A. Sloan, 17, Castle Sq., Bothwell, N.B.; H. R. Small, Outfitter, Uppingham; H. Smith, 29, Church Rd., Risca, Mon.; J. E. Smith, 69, Gorsefield Rd., Birkenhead; H. J. Springall, 103, Bruce Grove, Tottenham, N.; A. Stuart, Burnbrae Cotts., Dufftown, N.B.; Mrs. H. Taylor, Boothorpe, nr. Alford, Lincs.; T. Thornley, 75, Grevstones Rd., Carlisle; Mrs. Tuck, 6, High St., Weedon, Northants; Mrs. M. C. Wallace, 48, Loughboro' Rd., Kirkcaldy; F. Walter, 52, Poplar Rd., Edgbaston; F. Watts, 23, Middle Rd., Shaling, Hants.; H. Weedon, Victoria Cott., Edmondsham; B. G. Welland, 4, East Lulworth, nr. Wareham; L. Wellings, c/o Scotts Wireworks, Reddish, Stockport; J. White, Appleby, Scunthorpe, Lincs.; T. Williams, 9, Bryncyfryd, Cwmaman, Aberdare; F. L. Wilmot, 1729, New King's Rd., Lond. S.W.; F. G. Westlett, 21, Kent Rd., Dartford; P. Wright, 107, Balfour Rd., Ilford, Essex.

BULLETS' GREAT CHRISTMAS OFFER

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 503

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Miss ANNIE MILLER, 19, Farlington Street, Swindon.

Example:—A STRUGGLE
Bullet:—"GETTING THERE"—"BADLY OFF."

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. Alfred S. HAVE, 31, Wentworth Road, Dover, Kent.

Example:—ON THE PLATFORM
Bullet:—CANDIDATES—ELECTORS DECIDE DESTINATION.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. S. A. HARDEN, Longford House, Gosport, Hants.
Example:—FIT KIND PERMISSION
Bullet:—OF SOCIALISM, TROUSERS RETAINED.

10 Prizes of £2 each:

E. ROGERS, 31, Biddeford Gardens, Manningston:
AFTER A FEW—SHOVEL, GUARD SHUTS DOOR.
ARTHUR CHAPLIN, 35, Whateley Road, Penge, London, S.E.
AT WESTMINSTER—THE "NATIONAL SPOUTING CLUB."
THOMAS HOLMES, 87, New Camden Street, Stockton-on-Tees.
WHEN SUN SHINES—ALL PANTRIES CLAIM CHEESE.
Mr. H. PERRY, 11, Southend Road, Grays, Essex.
CHANGING SCENE—INTO AFFABILITY, SERVANT APPROACHING.
JOHN GWILT, 73, Redvers Street, Ardwick, Manchester.
A STRUGGLE—REMOVING TAKES ONCE INDOORS.
CHARLES HODSON, Hitching, Melton Mowbray.
AT THE GATE—SELLING DERBY'S BUY TEAM.
H. CHALLINOR, 30, Wilson Street, Gore Hill, Sunderland.
LOOKING BACK—BRITISH "CONVEYED HOME" ABROAD.
RUPERT NICHOLLS, Lewannick, Launceston, Cornwall.
LOOKING BACK—TOGETHER—TOGETHER EVER SINCE.
KENNETH WATSON, The Fountain, Nailsworth, Glos.
ONLY HUMAN—LADY VOTER ASKS POSTSCRIPT.
JOSEPH LYONS, 2 & 33, Charlotte Street, North Shields.
WHAT BALDWIN WANTS—LOOSER LEADS—NO LEASH.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

F. E. PEARCE, 7, Belle Vue Road, Leeds.
THE UNHEEDED—GUIDE, GOVERNMENT EVERY MEAL.
R. J. WATERMAN, Westbury Lane, Buckhurst Hill, Essex.
WORTH CONSIDERING—MAJORITY, ALTHOUGH NOT NOISY.
F. PARTRIDGE, 1, Lees Place, Godwin Street, Ashted, Birmingham.
WHEN SUN SHINES—IN HARMONY, POWER CHEAPER.
E. H. HOUGH, Uphill House, Weston-super-Mare.
AT WESTMINSTER—TARRAVER MERELY "SHOWS OFF."
R. E. ROUSE, 132, Gt. Colmore St., Edgbaston, Birmingham.
FREE SUPPLY—INDUCE POWDER—BEETLE BAIT.
GEORGE T. WALLIS, 34, Egerton Rd., Bishopston, Bristol.
LAST HOPE—OF CHURCH, PRESERVE'S CHILDREN.
Mrs. J. WYNNE, 83, Howard Street, Hereford, London, W.
PRETTY SOON—BEFORE SUN BREAKING, KISS.
(Continued) Target "Pubs (Compos.)
F. BRACEWELL, Coronation Flags, Victoria Rd., Cleveleys, Nr. Blackpool.
THE LAST WORD—SHOULD FRIENDS BETWEEN ALLIES.
J. H. HAMPSHIRE, 58, Cecil Avenue, Ilkeston, Nottingham.
ROOM ON TOP—PUBLIC TOO QUEEN LARGER.
G. HARDING, 30, Portsmouth Road, Guildford.
ON THE PLATFORM—INDUCING POWER PERSPECTIVE DEFECTIVE.

List of 100 £1 Prize-winners will be found on page 36.

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 505.

THE RESULT
MOVING THE CROWD
LLOYD GEORGE
ROME FIRES
BALDWIN'S NEXT MOVE
FOOTBALL
THE REAL PROBLEM
NEW HOUSE
MODERN MAID
AFTER THE ELECTION
OUR MEMBER
BUYING A PUP
A MUDDLE
THE OLD GAME
HAPPY FATHER
ENCOURAGING
MY AMBITION
DARK AND FAIR
HIS RETURN
SMOKING
AFTER WORK
IN TROUBLED WATERS
SUNDAY REST
YOUNG AND OLD
HER PROMISE
REPAID
READY FOR CHRISTMAS
CLOSING DOWN
FOR THE PEOPLE
NEAR SQUEAK
CROSSING THE ROAD
WORTH WATCHING
SWINGE
GOOD FOR HER
COMING ROUND
PERHAPS
A GOOD WIFE
HITTING HOME
UP TO DATE
HARD AND FAST

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the first being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. "Bullets" must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to "John Bull and crosses" and Co." Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.
Choose any of the *Examples* printed: then give any Two, Three or Four words having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, EACH of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you: *Example*:—HOLIDAY PROBLEM *Bullet*:—WEARING EVERYTHING SHE'S TAKEN. *Example*:—ON THE MOVE *Bullet*:—"SUBMERGED WRECK" BECOMES MENACE. *Example*:—FIRST THING *Bullet*:—AFTER ENGLISHMAN'S SACRIFICE—CIGARETTE. The entry for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 505, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 13.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(505) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 13.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(505) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 13.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(505) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 13.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(505) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

☞ If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper

TURKEY WINNERS.—A complete list of 150 Turkey Prize-winners in Competition No. 501 will be sent on receipt of a halfpenny stamped and addressed envelope. This list, together with the 1,500 Prize-winners, will also be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." A list of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of JOHN BULL.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the Winners of the four chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 505 have purchased their copies of JOHN BULL.

The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the First Prize winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 503 can also be seen in the window of Barclay's Bank, Clapham Road, Stockwell.

Wise Wives—Buy Useful Xmas Gifts

£4 worth of Fine Quality Bedding for £2

Carr. Paid

YOURS FOR 10/-

EVERY article in this sale is a real bargain, and if purchased separately could not be bought under £4. They are all new goods straight from the manufacturers—not job lines or a clearance stock.

The sale consists of :—

2 Blankets (full double bed size), heavy white fleecy woollen, strongly whipped edges.
2 Sheets, strong, heavy pure white bleached (7 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft.).
2 Pillow Cases, fine quality, pure white bleached, full size.
2 Bath Towels, heavy, large size.
1 Quilt, fancy, honeycomb pattern (7 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft.).
1 Bolster Case, full size, pure white bleached.

Money returned in full if goods not completely satisfactory.

A DEPOSIT OF 10/- secures one of these wonderful bargains. The balance can be paid at your convenience and goods will be despatched immediately.

ALBION BEDDING CO. (Dept. 30), 10, SOUTH ST., LONDON, E.C. 2. Two minutes from Moorgate Tube Station.

BOVRIL

By Appointment to H.M. Queen Alexandra

"Eat only the Best Toffee."

If it would only snow

SHARPS SUPER KREEM TOFFEE

A 'sweet' for bitter days

NUPINES

REG°

FOR THE CHEST THROAT & LUNGS

6d.

FROM CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

The "LA OW-INCH-O" is a HIGH-CLASS BRITISH Cigar with a pronounced HAVANA flavour. It is a straight CORONA shape, sold in two sizes: Petit Corona, 11/3 for 25; 21/- for 50; length, 4½in.
No. 2, 10/9 for 25; 20/- for 50; length, 4½in.
Cash with order and delivered free.—
OWEN SHAW & CO., Sowerby Bridge.

BABY CARS from £2.1.3

DIRECT FROM FACTORY.

On Approval.

CARRIAGE PAID.

Refill Profits taxed.

Cash or Easy Terms

Send now for Free Art Catalogue.

DIRECT PUBLIC SUPPLY CO. (Dept. 134) Coventry.

For all Diseased Skin Surfaces

Germolene has brought comfort, solace and healing to hundreds of sufferers who had not known rest from skin torture for years. Read the following remarkable statement.

Miss Madeleine Leslie

Mrs. Leslie, of 12, High Street, Cheadle, writes:—"Germolene has effected a wonderful cure in the case of my daughter, aged 13 years. Late last August her ankle and foot became covered with a pimply rash, which was very irritable, and she scratched the parts until they were a mass of inflamed sores. I tried all kinds of treatment but nothing did any good. Then I decided to try Germolene. After the first dressing the inflammation and irritation seemed less, and after three weeks' treatment only the scars remained. When I tell you that several of my friends thought the child would lose her foot, you will perhaps understand how thankful I am."

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH!

Germolene is matchless as a remedy for

Eczema	Piles	Skin Eruptions	Pimples
Psoriasis	Itching	Cuts and Burns	Chapped Hands
Rashes	Ulcers	Ringworm	Chilblains

and all cut, bruised, itching, or ulcerated surfaces.

Prices 1s. 3d. and 3s. per tin. From Chemists and Stores everywhere.

Germolene

The Aseptic Skin Dressing

THIS MASSIVE CAPPED LEVER WATCH is YOURS for 6D.

THE WONDER WATCH, 10-JEWELLED COMPENSATED NON-MAGNETIC LEVER.

Every "John Bull" reader should secure one of these handsome watches. Heavy Silver-finished case with double engine-turned back and cap over movement, 10-jewelled non-magnetic compensated Lever movement (not affected by heat, cold, electricity, or self-magnetism). Dead accurate timekeeper. Bevelled crystal glass. Bold figures. Pen steel hands. Enamelled dial. Exactly as illustrated. Fully warranted 10 years.

FREE Handsome Pocket to Pocket Albert with Seal Attachment FREE with every watch.

So sure are we that You Will be More Than Satisfied that we send this handsome Watch post paid upon receipt of 6d. only. After receipt you send 2s. 6d. more and the balance may then be paid by monthly instalments of 3s. each until 22s. is paid. Price cash with order or balance within 7 days 22s. 6d. only. Cash willingly returned if not absolutely satisfied and watch is returned within 7 days.

SIMPSONS (Brighton) Ltd., DEPT. 284, 94, QUEENS ROAD, BRIGHTON, SUSSEX.

What to Take for CONSTIPATION

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Take a good dose of **Carter's Little Liver Pills**—then take 2 or 3 for a few nights after. They cleanse your system of all waste matter and **Regulate Your Bowels.** Mild—as easy to take as sugar. *Genuine bear signature—* Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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